LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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GERMANS RETIRE FROM THE YSER.

POSITIONS IN RANGE OF ALLIES' FIRE EVACUATED.

FIERCE FIGHTING RAGES ROUND YPRES.

Paris, Saturday.

The communique issued this afternoon says:—

To the north of Lys we have made considerable progress.

Our infantry, attacking at Daylereat, carried with a single charge two line of trenches.

The gain was 500 metre.

Part of the hamlet of Wiedenreft, one kilometre north-west of Langhemarque, remains in our hands.

In front of Poesele, halfway between Dixmude and Ypres, we took on the right bank of the canal a ferryman's house, the possession of which had been keenly disputed for a month.

The enemy attempted, without success, to compel us, by a violent attack, with heavy artillery, to evacuate the taken ground.

In the region of Arras and in Champagne intermittent cannonading has been going on at various points.

Rheims has been bombarded with particular intensity.

On our part we have destroyed with our heavy artillery several earthworks.

In the Argonne fighting is still very warm.

We have taken several trenches, and repulsed all counter attacks.

In Lorraine and Alsace there is nothing important to report.—P.A. War Special.

ALLIES HOLD CAPTURED POSITION.

Paris, Saturday Night.

To-night's communique says:—

In Belgium there has been the same activity as on the preceding day.

We have consolidated our position to the north of the ferryman's house captured by us on the 4th instant.

On the rest of the front there is nothing important to record.—Reuter.

GERMAN STATEMENT OF SITUATION.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official communique from the Main Headquarters is issued in Berlin to-day:—

Yesterday the French attacks in Flanders and to south of Metz were repulsed.

Near La Bassee, in Argonne Forest, and in region south-west of Altkirch our troops are progressing.

In battles to east of the Mazurian Lakes the situation is favourable. Twelve hundred prisoners have been captured.

In Poland our operations are progressing normally.—P.A. War Special.

TROOPS COAXED TO MAKE LAST EFFORT

AT BREAKING ALLIES' DEFENCE.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Handelsblad learns from Sluis that the German soldiers are becoming more and more reluctant to take part in the fighting on the Yser.

Troops sent from Bruges to the Yser are being assured by the officers that this will be the last attempt to force a crossing.

The fighting around Ypres is still raging fiercely, and 200 horses without riders were seen near Oudenarde.

From the centre of the German lines some troops have been sent to the Eastern war theatre. Several long trains with artillery and soldiers have left in the direction of Bruges.

That the Germans are preparing for all eventualities can be seen from the fact that bridges between Ghent and Courtrai have been strengthened and widened. Strong military forces are stationed near Zeebrugge.—Reuter.

ENEMY RETIRE FROM YSER TRENCHES.

DRASTIC PLAN TO HIDE "MYSTERY" TRAINS

Running From Battlefield to Ostend.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Ghent message to the Tyd states that the Germans have retired along the Yser line, a distance of 200 metres to two kilometres.

This is said to be due to a desire to find stronger positions, and because the positions along the river were very insanitary for the soldiers, and the marshy ground was unsuitable for artillery.

Several villages which are now within range of the Allied fire have had to be evacuated.

This evacuation gave rise to rumours of a German defeat. The Germans have occupied new positions, and opened fire on the Allies.

The artillery duel continued even during the night with few interruptions, the enemy's position at night time being reconnoitred by means of star shells.

The wounded are removed from Ostend, and sent to Germany. Bruges alone is witness of the tragic trainloads that pass at nightfall. The inhabitants of Ostend must stay in their houses. Then trainloads of dead are brought in and buried in the dunes near the military hospital, where no civilian can enter on penalty of fourteen days' imprisonment.

Only three thousand troops remain at Ostend, the rest having gone to Zeebrugge and Heyst. Food at Ostend is scarce, and the fuel has all been used up.

The greatest difficulty for the Germans at Zoebrugge is the silting up of the harbour. The Belgians have destroyed all the dredgers, which formerly worked day and night. The primitive methods of dredging now adopted by the Germans produce small results.

The Burgomaster of Ghent has issued a proclamation regulating the supply of flour, and fixing the maximum quantity of bread to be supplied to each person. From December 1 bakers can only give each person 250 grammes of bread.—Reuter.

TERRITORIALS CAPTURE GERMAN PATROL.

ENEMY HOODWINK THEIR SOLDIERS

BY GIVING OSTEND A NEW NAME.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

At a late hour to-night there was issued the following official narrative by "Eye-Witness" under date of 2d December:—

The enemy in front of the right of our line kept up their efforts to throw bombs into our trenches. Unpleasant as this sometimes is, our troops have, strange to say, on occasion been able to extract amusement from it.

The other day in the rush to get away from one of those missiles two men fell over each other, one actually sitting down on the bomb. It exploded. When the smoke cleared away the man was discovered to have escaped with very slight injuries to himself, but his trousers were torn to shreds, to the great amusement of his comrades, who greeted the incident with shouts of laughter.

Shortly afterwards another soldier, in trying to escape round a traverse in a hurry, sat down on a bomb which, however, failed to detonate. This game of bomb-throwing, however, is not confined to one side, as the Germans could testify.

On our left the French made some progress both north and south of Ypres, and captured some German trenches.

Germans Found Asleep in Trenches.

On Monday, the 30th, the Germans displayed a little more activity along our line, and on our extreme left, as well as south of the Lys, there was a decided increase of artillery fire. On the left two of their guns were caught in the open by our artillery as they were apparently changing position under cover of a rainstorm. One was knocked out, and the other was abandoned.

In this part of the field also occurred one of those strange incidents which are not uncommon in fighting at close quarters. An infantry officer who walked up to a German trench found all its occupants asleep. As a memento of his visit he carried off a bayonet.

Territorials Capture Prisoners.

In the centre we gained some minor local successes. A party of the enemy which had started to excavate a new trench within sight was immediately driven out by our artillery.

A house used by their snipers was blown up, and a patrol from one of our Territorial battalions successfully rounded up a hostile patrol, making two prisoners.

At other points along this part of the front the enemy has now begun to use rifle grenades freely. These incidents are of the most insignificant character, and have no bearing on the operations, but it is in a succession of such small actions that the periods of inactivity on a grand scale are passed.

Beyond our left the French again advanced slightly and captured a German trench.

Latest Dodge—New Name for Ostend.

On Tuesday, December 1, there is nothing in the way of military operations to record.

It is reported on what is believed to be good authority that the Germans have renamed Ostend, and that the railway station is now placarded with the name "Kales." The only possible object of such a manœuvre, if it has indeed been carried out, would appear to be to encourage the soldiers who are brought from distant parts in absolute ignorance of what has really been happening.

That this action is not so futile as it may seem is shown by the fact that many of our prisoners are still convinced that both Calais and Paris are in the hands of the Germans.

What Ypres Bombardment Means.

The course taken by the German operations round Ypres ending in bombardment has been such as to suggest that the destruction of the place is really the outcome of disappointment and exasperation at its resistance, and at the failure of the much-advertised plans for its capture.

Up till the end of October the town had not been bombarded as a whole, the shells which had fallen in it being obviously directed at points where our headquarters were believed to be situated, and at one or two others, such as the railway station, where destruction would have some military value.

The shelling of the town itself only began in earnest on the night of November 5, since when it has been maintained intermittently. That the town escaped so long was apparently due to the fact that up till the 5th the Germans counted on capturing it, and did not wish to cause damage.

Hopes of doing so were no doubt still held after that date, as is evinced by the continuation of the attacks, notably that of the 11th by the Prussian Guard.

But these later attempts to take the place seem rather to have been of the nature of "forlorn hopes," which called for all the assistance that could be obtained by artillery co-operation, even at risk of the destruction of a historic place which might become German, and considerable advantage was certainly to be gained by constant raking fire on a place where roads met, and which must be a focus of the traffic.

On these military grounds the initial bombardment can to a certain extent be justified, though it is doubtful whether the results achieved were commensurate with the expenditure of ammunition involved. Its object could have been attained equally well if the German artillery had concentrated on the points where the roads, of which there are not many, issue from the town, and it did not entail the employment of incendiary shell.

Senseless Destruction.

The subsequent conduct of the enemy denotes a desire for senseless destruction.

The last attack in force was delivered on the 17th November. Four days later, on the 22d, the Germans commenced to pour a stream of shell into the Central Market Square, and whereas the cloth hall and cathedral had both escaped material damage up till then, these two historic buildings were blazing fiercely by 3 p.m.

It is stated that in order to do this the Germans brought up a train armed with heavy guns, which were used under the direction of a captive balloon.

The bombardment was continued until the evening of the 25d.

The reason to which is ascribed this wanton destruction has already been stated, but in case there should be any doubts as to the justice of the indictment it must be stated that so soon as the cloth hall and cathedral had been obviously demolished fire was no longer directed on those buildings.

In the words of a French communique, which will also be the verdict of history—"This magnificent old city was condemned to death on the day when the Emperor was forced to renounce the hope of making an entry into it."

JOFFRE'S VIEW OF CAMPAIGN.

PREFERS TO HOLD THE GERMANS IN WEST.

Paris, Saturday Night.

According to a staff officer, who has just reported a conversation he has had with the French Commander-in-Chief, General Joffre, said—

"I do not attach much importance to German strategy, nor do I wish Germany to withdraw troops from our front. I can take care of the army opposed to us, and would prefer to hold them in the West in order to facilitate the Russian advance."

After the victory of the Marne a friend of General Joffre said to him—"Don't you know you have won the greatest battle of all times?"

After thinking for a few moments General Joffre replied—"What I have won I hope is an early rest in my little house on the Eastern Pyrenese."

FRENCH FORCE BEHIND GERMAN LINES

Is Causing Uneasiness.

Paris, Saturday.

The Figaro describes from authentic sources the extraordinary adventure of 150 French soldiers.

This detachment has held its position behind the German line, and has succeeded in eluding the Germans.

It appears the detachment formed part of a force which was engaged in August in the neighbourhood of Lesse and the forests of Luxemburg.

On Sunday, 23d August, they received a belated order for a general retreat, and attempted to retire towards the south, but found the road blocked by the enemy.

Thus surrounded, they would not surrender, but preferred to await the return to the offensive of their comrades, which they believed was impending.

The officers who were with them decided to live on the country, harassing the Germans.

They collected on the fields of battle a quantity of stores and 7000 cartridges.

Living amongst the rocks or thick woods, they managed to obtain food in the neighbouring villages with the connivance of the inhabitants. Their presence, however, was ultimately discovered, and they were followed up by the Germans, but had the good fortune always to escape without losses.

Since then the French troops has attacked columns of German stores and stopped provision waggons.

The presence of French troops is causing great uneasiness to the German officers, and their motor cars do not appear on the roads after five in the evening.

Barriers with military posts have been established at all cross roads, where all passers-by are forced to exhibit their passports.

The German authorities at Lesse had bills posted in the villages in the provinces of Namur and Luxemburg, stating that it is known where the French detachment is, and advising it to surrender.

The French Commander replied—"Since you know so well where we are, come and catch us."—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN GUNS ON THE COAST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Sluis that the Germans are continuing to fortify the northern coast region.

At a culvert at the junction of the Sluis-Brugge Canal, the Leopold Canal, and the Schipoonck Canal they have dug trenches.

At Moerkerke guns have been disposed, and soldiers are encamped along the canal in cantonments.

The Burgomasters of the various municipalities have to supply them with plenty of food.

From Mariakerke to Knocke about forty guns and many machine guns have been ranged along the coast.

A telegram from Winterswyk to the Telegraaf states that owing to the continuous escape of French prisoners of war from the camp at Friedrichfeld, near Wesel, it has been decided to remove them to a camp in the east of Germany.

Russian prisoners will be interned at Friedrichsfeld, whence 3500 were removed yesterday.

According to a telegram from Winterswyk to the Telegraaf, untrained classes of German Landsturm, composed of men who served between 1889 and 1894, are now being called to the colours for inspection and incorporation.—P.A. War Special.

EDINBURGH H.L.I. MAN

WINS VICTORIA CROSS

FOR BRAVE FEAT ON BATTLEFIELD.

Private George Wilson, of the 2d Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, an Edinburgh man, has won the coveted Victoria Cross for a thrilling act of soldierly gallantry, which will long be spoken of.

In the face of terrific firing and quite alone, Private Wilson shot a German officer and six men who were working a gun, and having performed this prodigy of valour he capped the achievement by capturing the gun.

The following communication was issued from the War Office, under date 5th December:—

"H.M. the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of the Victoria Cross to the undermentioned soldier for conspicious bravery whilst serving with the Expeditionary Force—

"No. 9555, Private George Wilson, 2d Battalion the Highland Light Infantry, for most conspicuous gallantry on the 14th September, near Verneuil, in attacking a hostile machine gun accompanied by only one man. When the latter was killed he went on alone, shot the officer and six men working the gun, which he captured."

Here an Edinburgh Man.

Private Wilson is an Edinburgh man, and the Capital should be proud of such a gallant soldier. He enlisted at Edinburgh on 28th September, 1904, when 18 years of age, and is thus still on the sunny side of thirty.

BATTALION RAISED IN A WEEK.

EDINBURGH MEN'S GRAND RESPONSE.

After a week's remarkable recruiting, the new battalion being raised in Edinburgh by Colonel Sir George M'Crae last night reached what would be regarded as normal strength.

In all 1050 men have been enlisted, but recruiting will continue until the battalion has attained a good reserve strength, which it is expected to do within the next day or two.

As every one knows, the battalion has the distinction of being the first to recruit professional footballers as a body, and last night its strength in that respect was enhanced by the enlistment of a dozen young men belonging to clubs in the Dunfermline district.

BACK FROM THE FRONT.

KING GEORGE'S RETURN TO LONDON.

London, Saturday Night.

The King arrived at Victoria at eight o'clock this evening on his return from his six days' visit to the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders.

His Majesty left for the front last Sunday afternoon, so that with the exception of a few hours his journey has occupied a whole week.

The duration of the visit was extended beyond what were originally regarded as its probable limits.

His Majesty and suite crossed this afternoon in a torpedo boat from Boulogne to Dover, where a special train was in waiting.

Two Kings Meet.

There was a historic incident on a roadside in Flanders the other day, when King George of Britain met King Albert of Belgium.

The Belgian King, as host, was first at the rendezvous, and in a few minutes three black motor cars, all flying Union Jacks, arrived.

From the first motor came King George, the Prince of Wales with him. The two Kings moved forward with outstretched hands to greet each other there on the muddy road with none but a few officers and tough soldiers and simple villagers looking on.

Later the two Kings reviewed the troops, Belgian and other, drawn up in the village square.

EGYPT READY FOR TURKS' ADVANCE.

SIR JOHN MAXWELL'S OPINION.

Rome, Saturday.

A correspondent of a Naples journal telegraphs that in an interview which he had with Sir John Maxwell, commanding the forces in Egypt, the General declared that everything was ready for the defence of the country and there was no lack of troops.

A large advance of Turkish troops through the Sinai Peninsula, the correspondent adds, is considered impossible.—Reuter.

OIL SHIP CAUGHT IN ATLANTIC

The Norwegian steamer Conrad Mohr, with a cargo of oil from Philadelphia, bound to Christiania, has been escorted into Queenstown by one of His Majesty's cruisers, which intercepted the vessel in the Atlantic.

GERMANY CHANGES PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

DREAM OF EUROPEAN DOMINATION IN ABEYANCE.

THE CONTEMPLATED INVASION OF BRITAIN.

(BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The belief is firmly held in well-informed quarters that Germany has now definitely abandoned every hope of being able to carry through her original plan of campaign.

For the time being her dream of European domination is in abeyance. She is now intent solely on playing for a draw.

To this end she will strain every effort to hold the Allies in the West where they now are, and to arrest the Russian advance by similar strategic development of serried entrenchments on her Eastern frontier.

By dragging out the war thus indecisively, taking every opportunity to deal a locally smashing blow, and stirring up all the trouble she can elsewhere to distract, harass, and weary her foes, Germany seeks to wrest from exhausted Europe an "As you were" peace.

This change of plan is, of course, in itself a confession of failure. A swift and successful offensive was Germany's cardinal theory of war, and particularly of this war.

The change of plan means not only renouncing this offensive, and doing so because it has been found impossible of achievement, but the substitution of political for partly military considerations.

Germany's new plan will have no more success than the first one. This is not merely an optimistic impression, but a serious conviction of people entitled to speak with authority. The success of Germany's new plan depends entirely on the ability of her army to hold on when they are opposed in the East and the West alike by conclusively superior forces, as will be the case before very long, and on her power of economic resistance to the creeping paralysis of sea pressure.

The Crucial Test.

But in the light of the latest information most authorities incline now more to General Joffre's original view that we may have to wait until the spring for the real test of both these crucial questions. In the West the Allies' lines are now impregnable. It is believed that Germany cannot gain another inch of ground in that theatre.

On the other hand, the Allies are already slowly pushing them back at important points, the result attributable to the steady accession of French and British reinforcements, the gradual assertion of a definite superiority in the heavy cannonade, and the necessity Germany has been under of slightly weakening her forces in the West to strengthen them in the East.

If ever there was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul here we have it expressed in military strategy. In the East the Russians nearly succeeded in effecting a Polish Sedan. General Von Hindenburg would certainly have suffered absolute disaster but for the strategic railways in his rear, which enabled him to hurry up reinforcements.

During the last few days the stormy weather has caused a temporary interruption of telegraphic communication with Petrograd, but the salient facts so far as we know them are fairly plain. Taking advantage of his superior mobility, Von Hindenburg flung all the forces he could spare from in front of Cracow and Eastern Silesia to a point between Plock and the River Warta, where he knew the Russians were.

Object of Move.

The object of this move was a fresh thrust through on Warsaw, which, had it succeeded, would not only have got across the Russian lines of communication, but would have threatened the right flank of the Russian army operating against Cracow. Von Hindenburg's coup succeeded to a certain extent. His army contrived to penetrate the Russian lines, and this was the "victory" which Berlin was celebrating two or three weeks ago.

But the ultimate success of the German strategy depended on the Russian inability to hurry forward reinforcements which would arrest the march on Warsaw.

As was pointed out in this column at the time it was impossible for the Grand Duke Nicholas to bring up troops from his main Russian Army operating against Cracow in time to arrest the German advance. But reserves were in readiness both at Warsaw and in the immediate south, and the progress of the German Army of penetration was arrested.

That army immediately found itself in a very precarious position. The Russians were able to close up their lines behind them, and the Germans found themselves hemmed in on three sides. In this predicament Von Hindenburg's strategic railways again proved his salvation. At the risk of uncovering Cracow he hurried forward fresh reinforcements, which were able to keep open a gap in the Russian lines for the escape of a portion at least of the German Army which had set out on the desperate rush on Warsaw.

Nevertheless, the unofficial telegrams which have come through from Petrograd to-night clearly indicate that the Russians have made large captures of prisoners and munitions of war.

Hindenburg's Failure.

The consequences of the failure of Von Hindenburg's strategy must soon make themselves shown in the south. As already indicated, the Russian reinforcements moved forward to repulse Von Hindenburg's movement of penetration were not drawn from the Grand Duke Nicholas' main army in the south, which has pressed forward uninterruptedly in its march on Cracow.

On the other hand, the Austro-German forces opposed to it have been sensibly weakened. Cracow itself is now definitely threatened, and with its possession Russia will hold the key of entry to the rich industrial province of Silesia.

So serious has the position become from the German point of view that the Kaiser has been compelled, as I had said, to seek reinforcements from the Western theatre of war. In view of the slow but steady strengthening of the French and British Armies operating in France and Flanders, Germany can ill afford to withdraw her men from the 260-miles front that stretches from Nieuport to the Swiss frontier.

The Invasion Bogey.

To prevent the steady flow of reinforcements from this country, Germany is industriously seeking to keep alive the story that she still has it in contemplation to attempt an invasion of our shores. To some extent the precautions very properly adopted by the authorities to meet such a possibility have assisted the efforts of the enemy to create uneasiness in the minds of the civil population here. That such uneasiness exists, especially in some of the country district along the East Coast, can hardly be denied. In private conversation you hear all manner of wild stories—even a circumstantial account of a German expeditionary force being all ready to start on its transports, but having been delayed by stress of weather in crossing the North Sea. If there is the smallest shred of truth in this story, the Germans have much to be thankful for in that the storm came when it did.

It cannot be too clearly understood that we have military forces available in this country that are far more than sufficient to cope with any possible force that might slip across the seas while our fleets were decoyed away by the German Navy offering, or pretending to offer, that general action which our sailors so ardently desire.

Germany's Hands Full.

To what extent the question of what civilians ought or ought not to do in the event of a German raid is really beside the mark. Estimates vary as to the force that would be necessary for a successful invasion of our shores. The general opinion amongst experts has always been that 70,000 men at least would be required, and that even then the army of invasion would have to catch us unready, and by surprise. Napoleon, when he was working out his policy of despatching a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, based his plans on an army of 130,000 men, and even he worked on the assumption that his army would be able to feed upon the land. A German army of invasion might be able to eke out its supplies in this way to some extent, but their landing on our shores would be the signal for the killing or removal of all live stock on their line of advance.

But, really, this invasion bogey is not a thing to be taken seriously just now. Germany wants all the men that she can get in the Eastern and Western threatres of war. She is probably fully informed of the military preparations which have been made here to resist such an attack, and the only result of a raid, if a raid were attempted, would be to provoke the finest recruiting boom that this country has ever known.

In the eyes of a great number of people the most interesting incident in the Western theatre of war has probably been the visit paid by the King to the Anglo-Indian lines. The attention devoted to His Majesty's movements has rather tended to obscure the actual fighting, but the King's visit to France, and the meeting which he had near Ypres with M. Poincare, King Albert, General Joffre, and Sir John French is one of those things which the schoolboy will read about in his history book in years to come.

Ypres is destined to fill a good many pages of those self-same history books. Only during the last few days have we realised through the publication of Sir John French's despatches, and the fascinating reports of "Eye-Witness," how desperate has been the fighting in which the British Army has been engaged. "Eye-Witness" has given us in his terse and formal prose a splendid epic of the famous charge of the Prussian Guards. These men acquitted themselves well. They came on without wavering, and, quite undaunted by the inferno of fire that greeted them, they broke the British lines at one spot and pressed onward. A battery of the R.F.A. was shelling them all the time, and many of their dead bodies were found within seventy yards of the guns.

Cooks to the Help.

The battery commander realised that the situation was desperate when he saw that our infantry line had been pierced, and he cast about for some means to reform them.

All that was available was two companies of Sappers. Hastily reinforcing these gallant fellows with as many artillerymen as he could spare from the guns, and a contingent of the Sappers' cooks, he led this curious command boldly forward to repair the breach in the line. "Eye-Witness" records how every man with the forlorn hope, even the cooks, desperately seized a rifle, "stood firm and steady," and repulsed the onslaught of the finest soldiers in the Kaiser's Army.

Curiously enough, the same thing happened with the French. They had on one occasion to arm their regimental cooks and throw them into the line, and right valiantly they acquitted themselves. As a French officer remarked after the desperate melee was over, "A French cook is a better man than a German waiter any day."

Week-Ending From the Trenches.

Since that desperate fight at Ypres the position of the British Army at the front has been materially improved. Details are not available, but it is quite clear that Lord Kitchener has been able to send forward fresh reinforcements.

Big reserves have simultaneously been moved up by General Joffre, with the result that the line for which we are now responsible has been very substantially shortened.

Desperately bad as the weather has been during the last few days, the King, when he visited the British trenches, saw them under conditions far less strenuous than was the case two or three weeks ago. The British Army, in short, has obtained a much-needed rest—a rest which will fit in for whatever may be the task that lies immediately in front of it.

The lull has even allowed some of our officers to pay a hurried visit home. "Week-ending from the trenches" is the term they apply to the two or three days' leave many of them have obtained.

It is all to the good that these men should be allowed over in England when opportunity presents itself. They obtain a much better idea of what is being done over here to reinforce the army at the front than they can obtain from the jeremiads of some of the papers which reach them in France.

The Spirit of Our Soldiers.

On their part they impart to those of us who have to stay at home a better understanding of the conditions prevailing in the fighting line. Their cry is always for more men and yet more men; but they all pay testimony to the splendid spirit of our soldiers, battling for days and nights in trenches which sometimes resemble fast running streams. The manner in which our soldiers adapt themselves to circumstances is marvellous. They have discovered, for one thing, that an ordinary deal kitchen table, set up on its legs, and covered over with earth, is most useful for providing the roofs and supports for temporary dug-outs.

If the men refuse to be downhearted the officers are no less reassuring in the confidence they display regarding the ultimate result of the campaign. Many have had opportunities of talking to German prisoners of war. The version these men give of what they represent as the real state of the German Army has always to be received with a certain measure of reserve, but it probably comes much nearer the truth than the official reports that we get through the German wireless.

STIFF FIGHTING IN PROGRESS

ALONG POLAND BATTLE FRONT.

RUSSIAN HEAD-QUARTERS' REPORT.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

An official message issued to-night says:—

On the left bank of the Vistula, on the 3d of December, stubborn engagements were fought on the front Illowo-Lowicz, and also some distance from the West towards Lodz and Petrokow.

On the other fronts there is no essential change.

HEAVY LOSSES IN BATTLE.

AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL REPORT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

To-day's official Austrian communique published in Vienna states that the battle in the west and south-west of Arandjelowatz continues most obstinately and with heavy losses.

Until now the fighting has been undecided. The Austrians claim to have taken over 500 prisoners yesterday.

FORTY SOLDIERS EXECUTED

Austrians and Italian-Born Subjects.

Rome, Saturday.

A Trieste despatch to the Messaggero states that forty soldiers of the 97th Infantry Regiment were yesterday shot by order of the General Staff. The regiment was composed exclusively of Italian-born men, and had lost 3500 men in the Galician fighting.—C.N.

CZAR IN CAPTURED TRENCHES.

His Gift to Homeless Peasant.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Czar, when visiting the trenches at the front, from which the Germans had been driven out, found one occupied by some Russian peasants whose homesteads had been razed to the ground by German shells.

The Czar questioned an old peasant, who volubly recounted his experiences, describing how the Germans had killed and eaten his cow and forced him to cut the throat of his dog. The Germans had said to him, "You are a spy, and your dog will bark to show the Russians where we are."

The peasant implored the Czar not to leave his children without a roof over their heads and to give them firewood.

The Czar ordered wood to be given to the peasants, and in addition made them a present of one hundred roubles.

CZAR RECEIVES WAR GIFTS

From Nobility and Peasants.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Czar to-day visited Tula. His Majesty received at the station delegates from the nobility, peasant, community, and merchant bodies, who all presented to the Czar gifts of money for the needs of the war.

His Majesty visited the arms factory and inspected the workshops.

The Czar conversed with the workmen, and listened to their explanations of what they were doing.

The Emperor then visited the hospitals, and distributed military decorations amongst several of the wounded.—P.A. War Special.

AUSTRIAN ATTACK ON MONTENEGRINS.

Cettinge (via Salonika), Saturday.

The following official communique is published here:—

Yesterday the Austrians, in superior force, attacked our troops between Viseograd and Pribi, seeking to dislodge them from their positions. The attempt, however, was unsuccessful.—P.A. War Special.

CRUISER VENUS.

London, Sunday.

As far as can be learned crew of the cruiser Ve

The vessel put into a ha having encountered weather off the coast of

TURKS CLAIM SUCCESSES.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Turkish main headquarters issue the following bulletin:—

Our troops are daily gaining fresh successes in the region of Jorck and Adshara.

Advancing northward they marched into Adshara till they were east of Batum.

Advancing eastward they reached the district of Ardagan, where they captured, among other arms, one machine gun.

The Russians retreated on Ardagan.

LISBON EXCITED.

Lisbon, Saturday.

A political crisis has arisen here following the interpellation of the War Minister regarding the mobilisation decree in the Chamber yesterday.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

MEN OF KITCHENER'S ARMY ON FURLOUGH.

THE YANKEE INTERVIEW WITH WAR SECRETARY.

PRINCE HENRY EAGER TO GET BACK.

CLYDE MEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

London, Midnight.

London assumed its normal aspect to-day, all the streets being crowded with service men on leave from the different training grounds around London.

Most of the men of Kitchener's Army have now got their new uniforms, and their bearing on the street speaks volumes for the way in which the drill instructors have been working against time.

The weather has been balmy and spring-like, and crowds of suburbanites were attracted to town to visit the various centres frequented by the soldiers.

Tranquility of mind seems to have followed the announcement of the visit of King George to the front, and all fear of Zeppelin and invasion bogeys have departed. The theatres, the music halls, and the restaurants were all crowded, and in spite of the statements in Mr Irwin Cobb's alleged interview with Lord Kitchener the general comment was that the war clouds would be lined with silver by the spring.

A good many people were surprised to learn that Lord Kitchener was present at the meeting near the fighting lines between King George and the President of the French Republic, and his denial has brought no surprise. The movements of the War Lord have not been disclosed since the war commenced, but it can be taken for granted that the better part of his time, though not the whole of it, has been spent in Whitehall.

Kitchener Stories.

Whatever K. of K. does he does it in a thorough manner, but some of the stories circulated about his manner and methods give an entirely wrong impression of his character. The manner of the War Lord does not inspire terror in the hearts of Brigadier-Generals, Lieutenants, Colonels, and the ordinary public who have business with him at Whitehall. A friend of mine who had an interview with him confesses he went prepared to face the lion and found a perfect English gentleman, who, if straight and to the point, treated him with every politeness and courtesy.

He came away surprised and firmly convinced that some of the stories he had heard of a martinet sort of person must have emanated from under the hats of imaginative people.

At the same time Lord Kitchener is the last man in London at the present time to give an interview to a newspaper man, particularly a Yankee. The War Lord, so far as my memory carries me back, has never yet been interviewed in the proper sense of the term, and on a certain suspicious occasion, when every journalist on the British press was chasing him, only one succeeded in getting a satisfactory chat with him. This was his old friend and fellow-campaigner, the late Bennett Burleigh, and even he was not so successful as Mr Irvin Cobb, who is trying to convince New York that he succeeded where better men have failed.

The American is now setting his word against that of the man he had a few minutes' talk with, and asserting that what was stated was substantially correct, although he took no notes and wrote from memory. There was never any doubt in the minds of British press men that the brilliant journalese of the interview never left Lord Kitchener's lips, and the somewhat gloomy effect produced on those who were taken in will now be dispelled by the widespread denial of the authenticity of the interview.

Prince Henry's Return.

Prince Henry has quite recovered from his indisposition, and is now trying to persuade his advisers that it is time he was back on his ship, the Collingwood. I understand that he would have left ere now but for the visit of the King to the battlefields, and that he may be allowed to go in a few days' time. Prince Henry was very anxious to accompany his Royal father in order that he could have a chat with the Prince of Wales, whose luck he envies. The two sons of the King have always been very fond of each other, but, whereas the Prince of Wales is of a quiet disposition, Prince Henry has more life and go in him that the average London boy. He is full of fun and tricks, and the naval men who have met him say that he will be able to give a good account of himself should the Collingwood have to stand up in the North Sea and face the guns of Admiral Von Tirpitz and his sailors.

Glasgow's Contribution to R.N.R.

There are some two thousand Glasgow boys in the Royal Naval Reserve at the Crystal Palace. They are attached to the Clyde Division, and since they came to London they have altered so much that their own mothers would not know them. Fresh batches leave Govan every Monday night. On the Tuesday they are fitted out with kit bag and uniform, and on the Wednesday they are on the drill ground getting the rough corners knocked off them. In three weeks' time they are counted as old hands, ready to go off if need be, and at the end of three months, if they have not been called on, they are branded as efficient Jack Tars.

The naval lads from the Clyde comprise ordinary seamen, motor dispatch riders, wireless telegraph hands, and, in fact, every unit of an up-to-date naval brigade. They speak eloquently of the treatment they are getting. There are no growsers, and old service men say they never saw such a willing, happy, or harder working set of recruits. If some of the slackers from Clydeside could see their old chums there would not be sufficient trains to bring more recruits to London.

A Strenuous Time.

One of the two thousand whom I have had the pleasure of a chat with was working on the Columba at the start of the war, and he has already had experiences which would last some men for a lifetime. He was attached to the Hawke, but left her before she went down, went out with his brigade to Antwerp, and although only a raw recruit was able to give a good account of himself in the trenches. When the order came to clear out he and several Glasgow boys made for the outskirts of Antwerp. They sought the shelter of a church, but just as they were about to go to sleep the alarm sounded, and it was a case of every man for himself. Some of the party scampered in the wrong direction, got over the border into Holland, but my friend and one or two others happened across a friendly Belgian, who, though he could not speak a word, took the party on a forty-five mile walk to Calais. The forced march was a memorable one, lasting a whole day, and nobody was sorry when at grey dawn they saw the borders of Calais. The Crystal Palace seems stale after these adventurous weeks, and my Glasgow friend is looking forward to the long expected call to go out to the front again.

Bombardment of Zeebrugge.

I met another man to-day who saw the first bombardment of Zeebrugge, where the Germans have been endeavouring to construct a naval base. Our chat was only a short one, but he very soon put me at ease regarding the ambitions of Germany in the naval world. When our gunboats arrived at the port a few shots in a comparatively short space of time were sufficient to do all the damage that was necessary to be done. Officers and men on our ships worked with the particularly efficiency which has characterised the work of our naval men in every engagement that has taken place, and throughout the shelling displayed a gallantry and confidence which inspired all who were able to witness an act which was to have a considerable effect on the campaign against the ambitions of the Hun.

If the story of all that has been done by our naval men in the North Sea could be written now it would open the eyes of those whom minor German successes in the distant seas have influenced into thinking that Admiral Luck and Rear-Admiral Chance might stand the Germans in good stead when we are least expecting their appearance on the high seas.

EVERY FIT MAN CALLED UP.

GREAT NEW FRENCH ARMY

PREPARING TO TAKE THE FIELD.

(OFFICIAL REPORT BY "EYE-WITNESS.")

Press Bureau, Saturday.

During the last six weeks various mobilisation orders calling up different classes of men liable to service have been issued by the French Government.

To the average British man, whom a life spent far removed from all that war implies is apt to render unimaginative, even the immediate effect of such orders is hard to conceive, and to him a journey made shortly after their issue along the highways of Northern France, or, for that matter, in any part of France, might have come as somewhat of a revelation

From the middle of October onwards the roads have been thronged with men, literally thousands being met with in the course of a short motor journey, all trudging along towards the mobilisation centres, carrying their few clothes and necessaries in bags slung over their shoulders. Some have more, some less, but few are without the spare pair of boots, which they apparently, and quite rightly, regard as the most necessary article of a soldier's outfit. "The Emperor fights his campaigns with our legs and not with muskets," said the Conscripts of Napoleon, and their descendants have evidently not forgotten the lesson.

No Exemption.

The strange procession included a curious mixture of types. A considerable proportion consists of middle-aged men of good physique, broad-shouldered, and sturdy, and of likely young men from the countryside of a type to make excellent soldiers.

For some years, as is probably generally known, there have been no exemptions from military service in France. Educational standards and professions, such as those of the actor, lawyer, doctor, and artist, which were formerly excepted, are now so no longer. But besides those who escaped in the past many others have now been gathered in the net of service, and have gone to swell the numbers of those who have recently been streaming along every road in France to answer the call of their country.

GLASGOW STEAMER FOUNDERS IN GALE.

ONLY THREE SURVIVORS OF CREW.

Plymouth, Saturday Night.

Fourteen lives were lost and three were saved to-day off the Lizard when the Glasgow steamer Waterloo foundered whilst on a voyage from Newport to Rouen with coal.

The Waterloo went down in about ten minutes, and the three survivors were picked up by the steamer Cloch, bound to Plymouth from Penzance.

The men had been two or three hours in the water clinging to wreckage when the Cloch appeared on the scene, their own boats having been smashed by the seas before their ship foundered.

The three survivors are the mate, chief engineer, and boatswain.—P. A.

New Brighton, Saturday.

A steamer went ashore during the gale at the mouth of the Mersey, and the New Brighton, Hoylake, and Formby lifeboats put out, and found the vessel in heavy seas in shallow water. The crew were comparatively safe, and the lifeboats returned.

The New Brighton lifeboat reported terrific seas, and the coxswain said it was his worst experience. One member of the crew was washed overboard, but was rescued.

SOLDIER AND HIS UNIFORM.

Peculiar Incident.

On Saturday night the Kirkintilloch police received instructions to arrest a local man who had been discharged from the army. When discharged the soldier was instructed to take off his uniform and put on some old clothes, which were handed to him.

As the clothes did not belong to him the ex-soldier refused to don them, and he also declined to take off his military uniform. On his arrival home he was arrested, but later in the evening he was released.

OUR DUTY TO MAKE PROTEST.

American Professor on Germany's Work.

New York, Saturday.

Professor George Kirchwey, of Columbia University, one of the most prominent authorities on International law, speaking to an audience of 2000 here last night, said that the United States should have protested when the "sacred soil of Belgium was violated."

"It was," said the Professor, "not only our right, but our duty, to take measures when that great International crime was committed."—Reuter.

ALLIES' BOMB-DROPPING FEAT.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin telegram to the Telegraaf states that an enemy airman dropped bombs on Freiburg.

Frieburg is a small town about thirty miles south-west of Dresden.

TRAINING OF CANADIAN OFFICERS.

Most of the officers commanding the Canadian contingent received their training at the Royal Military College, Kingston, which was established in 1877. Each year there are given to graduates seven commissions in the Imperial Army, made up as follows:—Engineers 1, artillery 1, cavalry 1, infantry 1, Indian Army 1, Army Service Corps 2.

The college at Kingston, Ontario, has already given to the Empire several officers of distinction. Students leave that college not only with a military education, but fitted for civil life in every form, and with a manly finish, making a R.M.C. graduate a favoured candidate for civil and professional work of all kinds in Canada and the Empire.

The college is a Government institution, modelled on Woolwich, Sandhurst, and West Point. The commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial Army. The course is three years, of 9½ months' residence each year.

It is a curious circumstance that Brigadier-General Bridges, who is in command of the Australian Division, is also a graduate of the R.M.C., Kingston.

SMUGGLED COPPER.

The United States Department of Commerce has received a despatch from one of its agents that Germany is trying to smuggle copper concealed in cotton bales. Cotton having been declared not contraband, cotton shipments are immune from capture, and, availing themselves of this privilege, the Germans, who are undoubtedly desperately hard up for copper, are trying to smuggle it in from America under cover of cotton.

The Department of Commerce has warned shippers of cotton not to mix it with other freight, but the Germans will probably devise some other scheme to obtain the much-needed copper.

A sum of £32 was collected in Kirkintilloch for the Princess Mary Fund.

GERMAN BATTERY GETS IT HOT.

ENEMY ADMITS FAILURE

OF THEIR STRATEGY IN FLANDERS.

(OFFICIAL REPORT BY EYE-WITNESS.)

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

Though generally inactive along our front the Germans have continued to press in one quarter, i.e., against the Indian troops, where, in spite of the loss suffered to them in their last attack in this direction, they have been busy extending their saps in order to carry out assaults from short distances. None of these, however, have been carried out in great force.

Civilians Dig Trenches.

South of the Lys generally there has been some shelling of localities in the rear of our front line, but this form of annoyance diminishes daily. Along our whole front sniping is carried on almost incessantly.

There seems little doubt that the Germans are employing civilians, either willing or unwilling, to dig trenches, for some have been seen and shot while engaged in this work.

On 27th November the enemy succeeded, by means of sapping up and then assaulting from a short distance, amidst a shower of bombs, in gaining possession of a portion of a trench on our right. From this, however, they were soon ejected.

Germans Beaten Back.

On the 28th, facing our centre, there were signs of some change having been made in the composition of the hostile artillery, which was employed in registering fresh zones of fire on the right.

One of the German batteries was discovered in the morning to have been left out in the open. This was probably due to the failure of an attempt to move it during the night. However, whatever the cause of its exposed position, our guns did not fail to take advantage of it.

On the same day, though inactive against us, the Germans made an isolated and unsupported attack on the trench on our left. They were easily beaten back, and it is believed lost some 400 killed and many prisoners.

Failure of German Strategy.

While it is necessary to accept the evidence of all prisoners with caution, there is a change of tone in the views expressed by some of the officers recently captured which appears to be genuine. They admit the failure of German strategy, and profess to take a gloomy view of the future. At the same time, it must be confessed that there is as yet no sign that their view is that generally held by the enemy, nor has there been any definite indication of a lack of moral amongst his troops.

A Change of Scene.

The change that, within the last few days, has come over what may be termed the atmosphere of the battlefield is marked as regards noise. The cannonade has now decreased to such an extent that for hours on end nothing is heard, but the infrequent boom of one of the Allies' heavy guns, the occasional rattle of machine guns, and the intermittent "pop," for that word expresses the sound best, of the snipers on either side, and in certain quarters where the combatants are close and operations appertain to those of siege warfare.

The scene, as a whole, as viewed from one of the few commanding points in our front, is almost of peace as compared with that of a week or two ago.

Columns of black smoke vomited by exploding howitzer shells are as rare as those from burning villages.

The only generally visible signs of warfare are occasional puffs of bursting shrapnel opening out above woods and villages, and floating steadily away on the still air.

GERMAN PRISONERS AT KIEFF.

The fortress of Kieff is crowded with Austrian and German prisoners. Ten thousand were brought in on Wednesday.

Since the beginning of the war 130,000 soldiers and 2500 officers have passed through Kieff as prisoners.

"MAY THE LORD PUNISH BRITAIN,"

Is Saying of German Officers and Men.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The hatred against the British has now got to such a pitch among German officers and soldiers that they no longer salute each other in the usual way, with "good morning" or 'goodbye."

According to a letter received by the Hannoversche Kurier from a Landwehr officer at the front officers and men now say "The Lord punish Britain," to which the response is "May he do so."—P.A. War Special.

The following extract from German soldier's letter, published by the Frankfurtes Zeitung, shows that the German Army is beginning to realise the fighting qualities of the Indian troops.

FATE OF SOLDIER WHO WANTED TO SEE HIS MOTHER.

Rome, Saturday.

The Giornale D'Italia says that a soldier from Trieste, being at the front in Galicia, wrote to his mother expressing an intense desire to see her again, saying he was ready to be taken prisoner if thus he could embrace her once more.

The letter reached his mother with the following addition from the General Staff:—

"This officer was shot on 24th November, 1914."

THE BIGGEST SOLDIER IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

The Ulster Volunteer Force, unbeaten in its record of giving recruits and money since the war began, is also unbeaten in the record for big men.

Sergeant J. Bryan Stewart, of the 11th (U.V.F.) Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 32 years of age, is 6 feet 1½ inches in height; chest, 43.45 inches; and weighing 24 stones, he is believed to be the biggest man in the whole British Army at home or abroad. Though of such great stature, he is an international water polo player, an old 'Varsity Rugby man, a keen motorist, and a sports enthusiast. Sergeant Stewart is an Enniskillen man, and has two brothers in the army, one a veterinary surgeon, Lieutenant Charles Stewart, serving at the front, and another, Lieutenant Jack Stewart, in Kitchener's Army.

Few regiments could beat the record of the 11th Inniskillings in the stature of their men. The A and B Companies, which are all drawn from Donegal and Fermanagh, have several men over 6 feet, some giants of 6 feet 3 inches being in the ranks, and clothing contractors have had great difficulty in clothing these men. The regiment could easily furnish a Royal guard of honour of men 6 feet and over. The average height of the men of those companies is about 5 feet 10 inches.

KILLED ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF WEDDING.

Mrs William Tait, Lennox Street, Alexandria, received official intimation from the War Office this afternoon that her husband, Private William Tait, Gordon Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 31st October.

Deceased, who was thirty years of age, was killed on the anniversary of his wedding day, being married only a year ago. He was extrainer of Jamestown Thistle Football Club and a reservist. He was a native of Jamestown.

The London postal express delivery has been suspended until its staff of 257 men returns from the front.

The pupils of Lenzie Academy held a cake and candy sale yesterday, when £55 was realised for the Belgian Relief Fund.

BITTER BOMB BATTLES.

"PERISCOPE" USED IN BRITISH TRENCHES.

ENEMY'S UNDERGROUND ATTACK.

(BY "EYE-WITNESS" WITH THE FIELD FORCE.)

Press Bureau, Saturday.

It was mentioned in the account of the fighting on the Aisne that so far as we were concerned the struggle had to some extent assumed the character of siege operations. The same can be said with still greater truth of the battle in which we are now engeged.

Both sides have had time to dig themselves in and to strengthen their positions with all resources available in the field. In spite of this the Germans, urged by weighty motives, limited as to time, and confident in their numerical superiority and the weight of very powerful siege armament, such as has indeed never before been brought into the field, have, when face to face with the Allies' line, attempted to break it by frontal attacks. Having failed in this, in spite of desperate efforts, they are now endeavouring in some quarters to progress by the slower methods of siege warfare.

Until recently they have attempted to gain ground by assaulting our position across the open, seizing what they can of it, retaining and strengthening that, and using it as a starting-point for a fresh assault.

Their aim is still the same, to gain ground and drive us back, but owing to the immense loss entailed in this summary method of assaulting across the open for any distance the means employed are modified.

Method of Advance.

To shorten the space over which their infantry has to advance, they now move forward by several narrow, end-on approaches, which are either open to the air a foot or two below the surface of the ground. Where open these approaches are zig-zagged to avoid being enfiladed in either case. Forward progress is made by excavating at one end at what is considered a possible assaulting distance. These approaches or saps are joined up by a lateral trench roughly parallel to that being attacked. Here the stormers collect for a fresh rush.

"Jack Johnsons."

The role of artillery projectiles is well played by bombs of all descriptions, which are used in prodigious quantities. The larger one, projected by the Minenwerfer, of which the Germans employ three sizes, correspond to the heavy Howitzer shell, and have much the same effect. They have a distinctive nickname of their own, but they may be termed the "Jack Johnsons" of the close attack of siege warfare.

The smaller bombs, or grenades, are thrown by the hand from a few yards distance, per just lobbed over a parapet. They are charged with a high explosive, and detonate with great violence, and since their impetus does not cause them to bury themselves in the earth before they detonate, their action, though local, is very unpleasant in the enclosed space between two traverses in a trench.

These grenades, of various types, are being thrown continually by both sides, every assault being preluded and accompanied by showers of them.

Deadly Fighting.

In fact, the wholesale use of these murderous missiles is one of the most prominent features of the close attack now being carried on.

As may be imagined, what with sharpshooters, machine-guns, and bombs, this kind of fighting is very deadly, and some what blind owing to the difficulty of observation.

The latter, however, is somewhat decreased by the use of the hyperscope, which is much the same in principle as the periscope of the submarine, and allows a man to look over the top of a parapet without raising his head above it.

"GERMANS CAN'T HOPE FOR MERCY."

RUSSIAN VIEWS OF CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The Russian press makes no attempt to discuss the German Imperial Chancellor's speech before the Reichstag seriously, the facts being considered too patent to be worth arguing over.

"The non-German world," says the papers, "was not born yesterday. The Germans have throughout proved themselves outrageous liars, but the mailed fist has everywhere struck against iron. Except Turkey no nation has bowed to the German idol of brute force. The Chancellor has most pitifully failed to wash off the blood-stains from the hands of his master."

The Novoe Vremya declared that Germany has violated all laws and transgressed all limits, and cannot hope for mercy.—Reuter.

INDIAN TROOPS SURPRISE GERMANS.

A soldier writes to day:—For the first time we had to fight against the Indians, and devil knows those brown rascals are not to be underrated.

At first we spoke with contempt of the Indians. To-day we learned to look at them in a different light.

For three days we lay in our trenches under uninterrupted shell fire from the English, and were lacking in the barest necessaries, as only at night time could we obtain provisions. Of water we had enough, both above and below us, but we were hungry.

The British seemed to have a diabolical pleasure in showering shells on us. When for three days it had rained shells, and the British thought we were beaten to a jelly, they had then in store for us a visit from their brown allies.

The devil knows what the British had put into these fellows. Anyhow those who stormed our lines seemed either drunk or possessed with evil spirits.

With fearful shouting, in comparison with which our hurrahs are like the whining of a baby, thousands of those brown forms rushed upon us as suddenly as if they were shot out of a fog, so that at first we were completely taken by surprise.

At 100 metres we opened a destructive fire, which mowed down hundreds, but in spite of that others advanced, springing forward like cats, and surmounting obstacles with unexampled agility.

In no time they were in our trenches, and truly these brown enemies were not to be despised. With butt ends, bayonets, swords, and daggers we fought each other, and we had bitter, hard work, which, however, was lightened by reinforcements, which arrived quickly, before we drove the fellows out of the trenches.—P.A. War Special

SCOTTISH CASUALTIES.

Over 100 A. and S. Highlanders Missing

An official list of casualties issued last night includes—

Killed—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 9; Camerons, 30; H.L.I., 2; K.O.S.B., 1; Royal Scots, 1.

Wounded—Argylls, 11; Royal Scots, 26; Gordons, 3; H.L.I., 15; Cameron Highlanders, 7; Camerons, 10; Seaforths, 8; K.O.S.B., 3; Royal Scot Greys, 3; Black Watch, 8.

Died of Wounds—Cameron Highlanders, 2; H.L.I., 4; Royal Scots, 1; K.O.S.B., 1; Seaforths, 1.

Missing—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 103.

Wounded and Missing—Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 14.

GERMAN FLEET HAS FAILED

TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR HER SEA TRADE.

A PREDICTION WHICH HAS BEEN FULFILLED.

Count Reventlow, Herr Ballin (of the Hamburg-Amerika Line), and the other witty gentlemen whose humour is to speak of the British Navy as being "in hiding," will do well to ponder the statistics which the Admiralty has published demonstrating the absolute disappearance of German sea trade.

They revealed the astounding fact that of the countless fine steamers which flaunted the German flag through all the seas of the world a short four months ago, only ten are now at sea.

If the British Navy is really in hiding, how can this amazing phenomenon be explained? All the hiding is being done by that vast mercantile fleet of which Herr Ballin's company controls so considerable a proportion.

If—as Count Reventlow avers in the Deutsche Tageszeitung—there is no blockade of the German coast, and all the German harbours are as open as ever they were in times of peace, why is it that the splendid ships of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, and the other great navigation companies are either lying idle at their berths in Hamburg or Bremen, or sheltering in droves at neutral ports all over the globe?

German Naval Failure.

The compatriots of Herr Ballin and Count Reventlow will find it somewhat difficult to reconcile these disagreeable facts with the airy assertion that the British Fleet is "in hiding." They are not at all unlikely to arrive at quite an opposite conclusion. That they are, in fact, by no means so complacent as Messrs Ballin and Reventlow pretend to be is clear enough from the attitude of a paper like the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, which reproduces, without a word of comment, some pointed remarks by a London journal with respect to the extraordinary failure of the German Navy to raise a hand in defence of the Fatherland's most vital maritime interests.

I do not believe in casting reflections on the patriotism of the German people. They are suffering with manly fortitude a succession of losses in blood and wealth infinitely greater than we have had to complain of, and there is as yet no sign of that national demoralisation which certain uninformed publicists have long since fancied they detected.

They still cling to hopes of victory, slender as those hopes would appear were the German people acquainted with the true state of affairs in the various theatres of war. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence of growing uneasiness at the poor showing which the Imperial fleet has made, and not even the exploits of the Emden and the Karlsruhe or the isolated successes scored by their submarines have sufficed to allay the consternation of the German public.

A Joke in Bad Taste.

From 1905 to 1914—that is to say, within the last ten years—no less a sum than £100,000,000 has been expended on the German Navy, according to official figures published for the current year. This vast amount of money, so the taxpayers were told, represented an insurance premium on German overseas commerce and on the 4,745,000 registered tons of shipping which were under the German flag at the beginning of the year.

The only impression—and that a very slight one—which it has been able to make has been upon a few small cheap cruisers and submarines. The battle fleet has done nothing. It continues to remain in port month after month without striking a blow for German trade and German colonies.

The people would be superhuman if they were content to watch this strange proceeding without murmuring about it. And to add insult to injury, they are told by Herr Ballin and other prominent compatriots that the British fleet is "in hiding." We can afford to smile, but the Germans themselves must think the joke in bad taste and excessively ill-timed.

A Prediction Fulfilled.

It is interesting to recall that the present position was foretold with singular accuracy by Captain Persius, the naval critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, in his book "Der Zusammenbruch," which was published only a few months before the war. When he wrote that book Persius was convinced that war with England would be a calamity, and he was at pains to show his readers how vain were their calculations of victory in such a case. He predicted that the German Fleet would lie idle in port until public opinion drove it reluctantly forth to meet the enemy in open combat.

No doubt a long time will elapse before German public opinion is strong enough and articulate enough to produce such a result as this, but unless the strategical plans of the Navy Department are put into effect without much further delay, the country will demand to know what benefit it is to derive from the mighty fleet which now presumably adorns Kiel Harbour.

German Resources.

The figures given in the House of Commons relative to pending Dreadnought reinforcements for the British and German Navies are calculated to encourage here and depress in Germany. They are, perhaps, open to some criticism in that they do not take sufficiently into consideration German shipbuilding resources.

Although capital ships are not built in a day, it is possible to shorten the building period very considerably if the necessity arises, and there is good reason to think that certain German yards could produce such vessels quite as rapidly as the leading British establishments.

As regards guns, mountings, and armour, Krupps are very likely to have reserves which would suffice to arm and equip two or three extra ships. But, even after allowing for any extraordinary efforts which the Germans may make, and for the great resources they possess in this respect, it is undeniable that the Dreadnought situation in the immediate future promises to be exceptionally favourable for ourselves.

Nothing to Gain By Waiting.

As far as our material strength is concerned we can afford to accept with equanimity the occasional losses, which are practically inevitable at the hands of an enemy so enterprising in the use of the torpedo and the mine. Barring wholesale disaster, which there is no reason whatever to anticipate, every month will see us grow relatively stronger. Hence the German Navy has nothing to gain by waiting.

No doubt they will pin their faith to the efficacy of guerilla tactics as a means of reducing our superiority, though the result of all their efforts during the last four months has been to leave the relative strength of the opposing fleets pretty much as it was.

New ships are joining the Grand Fleet in remarkable numbers, as Mr Churchill has told us, and the enemy is sanguine indeed if he expects to eliminate them as fast as they join. Yet, unless he can do so, his prospects of victory, never very bright, will grow fainter every month. That is the lesson conveyed by the figures which Mr Churchill gave to the House of Commons

A SOLDIERS' SONG.

An officer in the R.A.M.C. writes:—I got here after a tedious journey with all the Tommies yelling—

"Nobody knows how bored we are,
And nobody seems to care,"

to the tune of "Here we go gathering nuts in May." Then settled into a big jute factory arranging stretchers in rows on the floor and putting blankets and pillows on each. Then motor ambulances arrived with the wounded.

They tell me on all sides that men disregard rifle fire even at 150 or 200 yards, and laugh at shrapnel, because the Jack Johnsons are so much more terrible. No one can ever get over the instinct to crouch and scurry when they hear the ominous whistle. The tone is very bitter, and hard feelings prevail on both sides now. Conversations are carried on between the opposing trenches, and jeers of our men after the capture of the Emden provoked an attack, repulsed with ease and great loss. The Tommies have a great opinion of the Turcos, who are fine at rushes.

GIRL WHO WAITED IN VAIN.

MAN WHO SWINDLED HIS LANDLADY,

AND PROMISED TO MARRY A BARMAID.

The amazing career of a young man named Peter M'Williams, described as a surveyor, and stated to be a native of Leeds, was told at the London Sessions.

The prisoner pleaded guilty to several charges of false pretences. It was stated that his father had been a professional footballer.

Prosecuting counsel said the accused had cards printed, and impersonated the manager of the Tottenham Hotspur Football Club. His frauds were ingenious and impudent.

Inspector Bedford stated that the accused first came under the notice of the police in March, 1910, when he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Leeds for larceny and false pretences. He had since been convicted for fraud and forgery at Sheffield and the Old Bailey.

Swindled His Landlady.

When released from prison last Christmas Eve he obtained work at a Pontefract pit, and did well for the Second Cricket Eleven there. He swindled his landlady at Castleford, and victimised a lady missionary who provided him with money and clothes because he pretended he wanted to make a fresh start in Canada.

In June he went to Southend and made love to a barmaid. He promised to marry her, and an elaborate reception was arranged, but the girl and the guests waited in vain for his arrival. Previously, he had stolen a Southend clergyman's cheque-book, and had taken the bride-elect to a jeweller, from whom he obtained two rings and a brooch worth £60 with a bogus cheque. He continued his frauds at Eastbourne, where Mr A. Burford, a jeweller, sold him jewellery worth £92—which he paid for with a worthless cheque. He afterwards victimised the proprietress of the Hollywood Hotel, Brighton, where he stayed with a lady.

Married a Nurse.

After committing other frauds in London and on the South Coast he married, by special license, a nurse from a London hospital at St Peter's, South Hackney. The fee was £4, and the accused was so annoyed with the clergyman that he left the bride at Hastings the following day, and, returning to London, induced a reverend gentleman to cash a worthless cheque for £3. (Laughter.)

Accused was arrested when he went back to complete the honeymoon at Hastings. Witness added that from a cheque-book, which was missed from the prisoner's lodgings, cheques to the value of £214 had been presented between September 5 and October 21. With one of them accused went to the Coliseum, and paid for seats for a party of the Tottenham Hotspur team, who, of course, did not arrive.

Prisoner's Confession.

The prisoner, in a speech from the dock, said he had played for Yorkshire and other cricket teams, and had coached well-known people. "I was working honestly at Pontefract," he continued, "but during the coal strike I came to London and fell in love with a girl who returned my affections. In three weeks I spent £30 on her, and my difficulties began. I lived by my wits in order to keep my past a secret from her. I hoped that she would never learn of my prison experiences.

"Before I was twenty-one I was in the hands of a moneylender, who threatened me with exposure for pretending to be twenty-two, and I stole bank securities, for which I received six months' imprisonment. In prison I came in contact with a clever society swindler, and, instead of returning to my friends, I took a downward path, and was sent back to prison for impersonating a major.

"When I fell in love this year I went to a convict friend, and he sold me a cheque-book for 35s. Having started to swindle, I thought I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. I don't plead for mercy, but I plead for the girl who has just become my wife. I ask you to give me a reasonable sentence, so that when I come out I can put my shoulder to the wheel and become an honest citizen."

Inspector Bedford—He always talks like that. He is the most plausible swindler I have come across in my twenty-six years' experience of criminals.

Mr Robert Wallace, K.C., passed sentence of three years' penal servitude.

UNHAPPY GLASGOW UNION.

Stockbroker Divorced.

Lord Dewar tried an action by Jane Stirling M'Conie or Glen, Bucklyvie Lodge, Bucklyvie, Stirlingshire, against Norman M'Leod Glen, stockbroker, 9 Victoria Crescent, Dowanhill, Glasgow. The pursuer (34) said the marriage took place in November, 1900, two children being born.

Some years ago the defender formed the habit of absenting himself from the house and was frequently away at night. A maid-servant employed in the hotel at Loch Tay stated that the defender and another woman stayed together at the hotel last Easter.

Lord Dewar granted decree of divorce on the ground of infidelity.

QUARTERMASTER DIVORCED.

Neil MacDonald, a quartermaster in the Mercantile Marine, who has disappeared in New Zealand, was divorced from Christina M'Lean or MacDonald, 28 Cornwall Street, Glasgow, by Lord Ormidale in the Court of Session. The wife, who is thirty years of age, stated that the parties were married in September, 1907, at Portobello. They lived there with her aunt for a week, and then the husband rejoined his ship in Glasgow.

Two weeks later he sailed on the Shire liner Fifeshire for New Zealand. Six months afterwards she had a letter from him saying that he had deserted his ship in New Zealand, and was going up country. She heard at intervals from him till 1910, and since then he had disappeared.

His Lordship granted divorce.

FISHING OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST.

Important Admiralty Order.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Mr William Bertram, the Central Secretary of the East Coast Fisheries Association, received intimation to-day from the Admiral commanding the coast of Scotland that fishing of every kind is prohibited west of a line drawn north and south through the May Islands.

FIRST LORD'S INFANT DAUGHTER CHRISTENED.

London, Saturday.

The infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Churchill was christened this morning in the little Crypt Chapel at the House of Commons.

In addition to the parents, grandparents, and members of the family, the members of the Household Staff at the Admiralty were present.

The child received the name of Sarah Millicent.

£2000 BAIL FIXED

In Scottish "Trading With Enemy" Charge.

Two members of a firm of iron merchants in Glasgow were brought before Sheriff Scott Moncrieff at Glasgow yesterday for declaration on a charge of breach of the Trading with the Enemy Act.

Bail was fixed in each case at £2666.

The charge is understood to relate to the delivery of a large consignment of iron ore into Germany.

Glasgow police are reported to be inquiring into several similar cases.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The River Mersey is located in the west of Ireland in a map of the United Kingdom published in the Lokalanzieger.

It is proposed in Berlin, on account of the scarcity of food and the high prices, to make codfish the popular food in place of beef and mutton.

Prince Christian, an uncle of the German Empress, it is stated, has decided to give up his office of Ranger of Windsor Forest to avert undue criticism.

Since drilling has become a feature of the curriculum in the London elementary schools it has been found necessary to strengthen the floors at many schools.

The Order of King George is a new order under consideration, the medals of which may be awarded to soldiers of our allies for distinguished conduct in the field.

Queen Mary's two large crates of gifts have been received by the interned British soldiers and sailors at Groningen. Three others from Queen Alexandra are on the way.

The Berlin Electricity Company has offered the Burgomaster to light the poorer houses in Berlin with electricity at a lower rate than petroleum without charging for installation.

A private of the Northamptonshire Regiment arrived at his mother's house from hospital at the same time as a letter from the War Office intimating his death from wounds.

Latest news of the actor-aviator, Robert Lorraine, is that a lung has been penetrated by a piece of shrapnel, but it is confidently hoped that if no complications arise he will recover.

For its new Bantam Battalion Birkenhead raised 1235 men in forty-eight hours. Manchester and Salford have already raised seven battalions, and an eighth is in process of formation.

John French Williams, James Jellicoe Manning, Lille Mary Woodlake, and Mary Aisne Jones are among the latest battlefield names to be applied to helpless infants. No one has yet been called Przemysl Smith.

Experiments are now being made by the authorities at the War Office and the Admiralty with a new device which promises to counteract in large measure the ill-effects of heavy gun fire on the drum of the ear.

CAVALRY QUALIFICATIONS.—Recruiting Sergeant—"Want to join the Cavalry, do you? Know anything about horses?" Applicant—"Wot—me? Three winners and a second yesterday! Lumme, guv-nor! Wot do you think?"

In view of the growing scarcity of cereals of all kinds, the Berlin authorities have ordered restaurant and eating-house keepers to discontinue the practice of supplying customers partaking of dinner or supper with bread gratis.

Mr Arnold Laws, a native of East Dereham, Norfolk, and a member of the mounted section of the Shanghai police, is on his way back to England, a sea voyage of 11,000 miles, in order to enlist, having formerly served in the 5th Lancers.

A Yorkshire textile authority estimates that 12,000 looms in that county are now turning out khaki at the rate of 2500 miles of cloth per week. The Russian Government has now come into the market with an order for 3,000,000 yards of the same material.

With so many men preparing to go to the front, the weird art of the tattooer is undergoing a tremendous revival, especially in view of the expressed belief of many old soldiers—particularly those from India—that the process makes the subject more or less immune from fever.

Sir Abe Bailey (says a Johannesburg telegram) has left for the front to join the South African forces. He has been appointed to the staff, with the rank of major. Sir Abe has supplied, equipped, and manned two high-powered motor cars for despatch and reconnaissance work.

Princess Frederick William of Prussia, while distributing gifts to a passing Landsturm battalion at Camenz, was approached by a soldier, who, unaware of her identity, tapped her on the shoulder, remarking, "You are a jolly good girl, mate; when I get back from the war I'll marry you."

The British and French soldiers interned in Germany are terribly bored because of the want of something to do. The German authorities are distributing amongst them pamphlets in their own language on German kultur, and giving the Berlin account of the war.

In a letter to friends at home Lieutenant Grimsdale, 2d Field Squadron of the Royal Engineers, gives the following extract from "last night's orders" in the trenches:—"Kaiser Bill went up the hill to see the 'Pygmalion' slaughter; Bill came down with a broken crown, and so the blighter orter!"

There is a great demand for girl labour on the north-east coast. Hundreds of young girls and women have been engaged at the Armstrong, Whitworth works at Elswick, and other Tyneside factories are following their example. The girls are found very useful for the lighter work formerly entrusted to men.

A strong agitation is again being raised for the issue by the War Office of a badge to be worn by men who have offered their services to the new army and have been rejected on medical or other grounds. It is not fair, it is urged, that these should be liable to be classed among the "shirkers and slackers."

KNITTING AT DINNER.—A new craze has seized many society women. It is a novelty to see well-dressed women assiduously knitting at the dinner table in West End restaurants, making woollen comforts for the troops. The habit at first caused mild excitement, but now it is quite the accustomed thing at all big restaurants.

TRIPL

COMPOSITION OF BRITISH FORCE

LANDED IN FRANCE TO OPPOSE THE GERMANS.

London, Saturday Night.

The Press Association says the Official Press Bureau issue the following details of the composition of the original British Expeditionary Force:—

Cavalry Division.

1st Cavalry Brigade.—2d Dragoon Guards, 5th Dragoon Guards, 11th Hussars, 1st Signal Troop.
2d Cavalry Brigade.—4th Dragoon Guards, 9th Lancers, 18th Hussars, 2d Signal Troop.
3d Cavalry Brigade.—4th Hussars, 5th Lancers, 16th Lancers, 3d Signal Troop.
4th Cavalry Brigade.—Composite Regiment (Household Cavalry), 6th Dragoon Guards, 3d Hussars, 4th Signal Troop.

Cavalry Divisional Troops.

Cavalry Divisional Artillery.—3d Brigade Royal Horse Artillery, 7th Brigade Royal Horse Artillery.
Cavalry Divisional Engineers.—1st Field Squadron.
Cavalry Divisional Signal Service.—1st Signal Squadron.
Cavalry Divisional Army Service Corps.—Headquarters Cavalry Divisional Army Service Corps.

5th Cavalry Brigade and Attached Troops.

5d Dragoons, 12th Lancers, 20th Hussars, "J" Battery Royal Horse Artillery and Ammunition Column, 4th Field Transport, 5th Signal Troop, 5th Cavalry Field Ambulance.

1st DIVISION.

1st Infantry Brigade.—1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders, 2d Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.
2d Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, 1st Battalion Northampton Regiment, 1st Battalion North Lancashire Regiment, 2d Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.
3d Infantry Brigade.—1st Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment, 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers, 1st Battalion Gloucester Regiment, 2d Battalion Welsh Regiment.

Divisional Troops.

Divisional Cavalry.—1 Squadron 15th Hussars.
Divisional Artillery.—26th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 30th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 36th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 43d Brigade Royal Field Artillery (Howitzer), 26th (Heavy) Battery Royal Garrison Artillery, and Ammunition Column, 1st Divisional Ammunition Column.
Divisional Engineers.—23d Field Company Royal Engineers, 26th Field Company Royal Engineers.
Divisional Signal Service.—1st Signal Company.
Divisional Army Service Corps.—1st Divisional Train.

SECOND DIVISION.

4th Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion Grenadier Guards, 2d Battalion Coldstream Guards, 3d Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Irish Guards.
5th Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion Worcester Regiment, 2d Battalion Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, 2d Battalion Highland Light Infantry, 2d Battalion Connaught Rangers.
6th Infantry Brigade.—1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment, 2d Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.
Divisional Cavalry.—1 Squadron 15th Hussars.
Divisional Artillery.—34th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 35th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 41st Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 44th Brigade Royal Field Artillery (Howitzer), 35th (Heavy) Battery Royal Garrison Artillery and Ammunition Column, 2d Divisional Ammunition Column.
Divisional Engineers.—5th Field Company Royal Engineers, 11th Field Company Royal Engineers.
Divisional Signal Service.—2d Signal Company.
Divisional Army Service Corps.—2d Divisional Train.

THIRD DIVISION.

7th Infantry Brigade.—3d Battalion Worcester Regiment, 2d Battalion South Lancashire Regiment, 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, 2d Battalion Royal Irish Rifles.
8th Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion Royal Scots, 2d Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, 4th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
9th Infantry Brigade.—4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, 1st Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment, 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Divisional Troops.

Cavalry.—1 Squadron 15th Hussars, Artillery 23d Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 40th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 42d Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 30th Brigade Royal Field Artillery (Howitzer), 48th (Heavy) Battery Royal Garrison Artillery and Ammunition Column, 3d Divisional Ammunition Column.
Engineers.—56th Field Company Royal Engineers, 57th Field Company Royal Engineers.

FIFTH DIVISION.

13th Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, 2d Battalion West Riding Regiment, 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment, 2d Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry.
14th Infantry Brigade.—2d Battalion Suffolk Regiment, 1st Battalion East Surrey Regiment, 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 2d Battalion Manchester Regiment.
15th Infantry Brigade.—1st Battalion Norfolk Regiment, 1st Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, 1st Battalion Cheshire Regiment, 1st Battalion Dorset Regiment.
Divisional Troops.—Cavalry.—1 Squadron 19th Hussars.
Artillery.—15th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 27th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 28th Brigade Royal Field Artillery, 8th Brigade Royal Field Artillery (Howitzer), 108th Heavy Battery Royal Garrison Artillery and Ammunition Column, 5th Divisional Ammunition Column.
Engineers.—17th Field Company Royal Engineers, 59th Field Company Royal Engineers.

Army Troops.

Mounted Troops.—1 Squadron Irish Horse, 1 Squadron Irish Horse.
Engineer Units.—1st Bridging Train, 2d Bridging Train.
Royal Flying Corps.—2d Aeroplane Squadron, 3d Aeroplane Squadron, 4th Aeroplane Squadron, 5th Aeroplane Squadron.
Infantry Unit.—1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders.
Line of Communition Defence Troops.—Infantry Units—1st Battalion Middlesex Regiment, 2d Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 2d Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 1st Battalion Scottish Rifles, 1st Battalion Devonshire Regiment.
Accompanying the force are the necessary medical, ambulance, veterinary, signal, supply, and auxiliary units.

A BISLEY CRACK SHOT AT THE FRONT.

The following is from a letter of an officer in the Queen's Westminsters. The "Fulton" whom he mentions is Private A. G. Fulton, 16th London, who won this year at Bisley the N.R.A. Badge and £50:—

I start my real work to-night, when the whole of our battalion is relieving a regular battalion in the trenches. I have visited those of our fellows who have been in the trenches. They all say German-sniping is great sport. I don't suppose the Government will mind us wasting a few rounds of ammunition if it keeps us happy, and I believe we have bagged one or two Germans. My present job is to prevent the machine-guns from freezing up, as they have done the last few nights.

We were much annoyed to-day by German snipers, so I got on to a bank above the trenches with a disguise of straw tied round my head and tried to spot some of them with my glasses. I failed, but spotted a German officer in the window of a house about 800 yards away. Fulton joined me and sent a bullet through the window and the enemy went down with a flop; it may have been mere fright, but I don't think so.

A DESCENDANT OF KINGS.

IRISH WIDOW SUES FARMER FOR £500

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

In the Dublin Nisi Prius Court, before Mr Justice Madden and a city common jury, an action was brought by Mrs Mary Clarke, a widow, living at Duleek, Co. Meath, to recover damages laid at £500 for breach of promise of marriage.

The defendant is Bartholomew Conlan, a widower and farmer, residing in Larrin Street, Duleek.

Plaintiff said that in the month of March, 1913, she and the defendant agreed to marry one another, and the agreement was renewed in or about the month of November, 1913, and that the defendant refused to carry out the agreement.

The defendant denies the alleged promise, and alleged that the agreement was induced and brought about by the "fraud of the plaintiff, who fraudulently plied the defendant with strong drink to such an extent that he did not know what he was doing, and if any promise was then obtained from him it was brought about by the fraudulent conduct of the plaintiff."

Not a Marrying Woman.

The plaintiff, examined by Mr Hanna, K.C., said on March 19 defendant came to her house, and when she asked him what he had come for he replied—"Why, to marry you, of course." She said she was not a marrying woman, and that some young person would suit him better. He said she was the only one he had been thinking of since his wife's death. He promised to buy her a pony and trap, and a new range. She said she would not agree to marry him then, and he called on the following day saying he would not keep away. He then asked her if she would go to Dublin with him on the following day to buy the ring. He later remarked that as people said she was not domesticated, he could cook himself. (Laughter.) He was to come for his answer after Easter, but did not come. He came on November 5 and apologised, and said he would have come at Easter, only he was influenced by other people.

Offer Renewed.

He then renewed his offer of marriage; she accepted him, and he said he would settle his property on her for life, and that it would afterwards revert to her daughter. He had no appearance of drink at that or any other time, and all he had ever taken in her house was three bottles of stout.

He asked plaintiff's daughter if she had anything to say against the marriage, and she replied—"Whatever mother likes." He said she would buy the daughter a Pomeranian. The marriage was arranged for November 26, but it did not take place, and defendant married another lady in January. Witness' engagement was well known in the district, and she had received presents and congratulatory letters. As a result of the defendant's refusal to keep his promise she had been taunted.

On the Burst.

Defendant was examined and said his wife died in 1912. In February, 1913, he broke the pledge and was drunk for a week in or about the 20th.

Mr Justice Madden asked defendant how he knew he was drunk.

Defendant—I was refused drink in a public-house. He was, he added, rotten drunk when he went to the house. Defendant said he could not remember whether there was anything about love or marriage in plaintiff's house. He had had twelve drinks that day. He was given a screw and a tumbler and was told to take as much as he liked, and he pulled until he could not pull any more. (Laughter.)

Cross-examined, he said he had been "on the burst" since 1913, and was "very near hand on the burst" when he married Mrs Duffy.

James Meade, who accompanied the defendant to the plaintiff's house, said Conlon was drunk on the occasion. He remembered the "most peculiar parts" of the conversation which took place inside the house.

Mr Justice Madden asked witness what the talk was about.

Witness—She (plaintiff) said she was descended from the Kings of Tara—(laughter)—and that she came of a noble family—that her first husband was a gentleman.

Mr Justice Madden—That was a great come down. She was descended from the Kings of Tara and her husband was a gentleman. (Laughter.)

[illegible] of the case was adjourned.

BRITAIN'S AMAZON ARMY

TO SHAME MANHOOD OF COUNTRY.

Amazing Credulity in Vienna.

Our supposed difficulty in filling up the ranks of Lord Kitchener's new army is a subject for mirth and mockery in the German press.

A cartoon in Jugend (Youth), for example, shows Lord Kitchener earnestly trying to persuade the man in the moon to come down and enlist at "eighteen shillings a day." Our War Minister's exhortations are supposed to be enhanced by a melodious bagpipe accompaniment from two grotesque Highland pipers standing behind him.

The man in the moon's reply is to make the familiar gesture known to the Germans as "pulling a long nose."

No German comic paper, however, regards itself as having attained the proper level of comicality without half a dozen "jests" of this kind.

But for real (though unconscious) humour on this topic one has to go to the serious press. The Vienna Fremdenblatt is an example. A few days ago it published a half-political, half-historical essay on Amazon armies. The opening sentences of the article will suffice to show its nature. "The surprising intelligence," it says, "has reached us in the latest communications from England that an English Amazon Army has been established."

The Fremdenblatt does not doubt the news; it is only concerned to find an explanation of this extraordinary step.

"It may be explained," it suggests, "in either of two ways. The British Government, which has hitherto shown itself so hostile to the women's claims—the more hostile the rougher and more recklessly the women's demands were put—has changed its standpoint, and is showing itself more gracious towards the aspirations of the Suffragettes. Or its reasons are far different, and are of such a kind as to do both the British Government and British manhood little honour.

"As a male a great Power has enough male soldiers, and its field army uses the services of women only for the tending of wounds and the assuaging of pain, and not for inflicting wounds and suffering. But male soldiers are not forthcoming in Britain, or perhaps they do not show sufficient fighting spirit—no wonder, for they do not fight, like our men, for a holy cause, but for so much a day—and"—in short, women are being enlisted in order to shame the manhood of British into manliness!

ARREST LEADS TO FORTUNE.

HOW SAILOR WAS DISCOVERED BY LADY

WHOSE SON'S LIFE HE SAVED.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

Rarely has the long arm of coincidence stretched out further to achieve its remarkable workings than in an instance which I have just investigated.

One of the people concerned is Thomas P. Henderson, late of the training ship Vivid, which used to be off Plymouth, and another connected with the incident is a lady whose name I am not permitted to disclose, but who resides at Gateshead, Newcastle.

By one of those curious freaks of fate Henderson, who is disabled, came under the notice of the lady in the street in somewhat peculiar circumstances, and the next thing to be recorded is that the man is arrested by the police on a charge of alleged begging.

When Henderson was taken before the Magistrates, the lady in question was instrumental in procuring his discharge. Much to the man's astonishment the lady took him to her private residence where a still greater surprise awaited him, for there lying on an invalid's bed was an old shipmate of his in the days when he belonged to the navy—the son of his benefactress.

But the story underlying this coincidence is still more absorbing than the foregoing facts which brought it under my notice and inquiry. Through the influence of a friend, I was able to gain an interview with the actors in this drama. The first part of the narrative came from the lips of the invalid son.

Recognised Old Comrade.

"When my mother related the incident in the street and described the man, as well as telling me his name," he explained, "I became a trifle excited. I recognised from her description an old comrade of mine to whom I owed more than I could repay. Several years ago I joined the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Newcastle, along with a fellow named Henderson, and in time we both got sent to St George's Barracks, London, and then I was drafted to the depot at Deal. Finally Henderson and I met again at Plymouth. Friends before, we became more attached than ever, and we indulged in many a prank together.

"One night when Tom was on duty I got in the clutches of a land-shark, but did not realise his true character at first. We played at cards, and he managed to get from me an I.O.U.—'just as a matter of form,' as he explained. A day or two afterwards he threatened to make use of the document to ruin my career.

Timely Intervention.

"It was then that I took Tom into my confidence, and the next night I went to tackle the 'shark' with Tom lying in wait. The 'shark' evidently had one or two confederates, for I was attacked, and received injuries which have rendered me an invalid ever since, and resulting in my discharge from the service.

"Of course, as soon as Tom saw what was happening he rushed up and tackled one of the scoundrels to some purpose, I can tell you. There is no doubt that his presence and timely intervention saved my life, seeing that the men were prepared to go to any lengths. When I was discharged I lost sight of Tom, and the reunion has been brought about in the manner you already know."

Henderson was present during the recital of this remarkable story, and confirmed it in every detail.

He returned to Newcastle, and has now found the friend whose life he saved and who, along with his mother, is now seeing that misfortune will not deal too hardly with him.

FRENCH GIRL'S TRIBUTE TO BRITISH SOLDIERS.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY A "JACK JOHNSON" SHELL.

A French girl writes:—A friend in need is a friend indeed. That is what Britain has proved to be. Our country place was in the firing line; a battle was fought just outside our gates, and we had to move out of the way for forty-eight hours. Afterwards we came back again to a British camp, for our park was inhabited by 5000 men. We felt so proud and safe. We are now spending our days in the station helping the wounded. The trains pass three or four times a day. We give them hot soup, food, and cigarettes. When it is a British train we have special delicacies for those dear British soldiers that came to our rescue. Honestly, we can all say that we would be Germans now if the British had not fought so gallantly. The whole French nation is proud to be able to fight beside them. What splendid men, and God bless every one of them! The German invasion was one long cruelty, and the women and children have suffered more than anybody—nearly as much as the Belgians. But I feel we shall be avenged!

We can never be too grateful to Britain for saving us and sending us still such an army of men. Their fighting is most wonderful. The Highlanders have a great success in this part of the country, and their clothes are much admired.

It is most amusing to see the relief in the "Tommies'" faces when we speak to them in English. We had some artillerymen who had not had a smoke for fifteen days, so we gave them an ample supply of cigarettes to make up for past privations. They are all so very cheery, singing "It's a long way to Tipperary" and our "Marseillaise." When the train pants into the station we ask, "Are you low-hearted?" and they yell "No, no, no!" terrifying the French people on the platform.

RAVAGES OF ONE SHELL.

From Rifleman G. Hawkins, 1st King's Royal Rifles, who is in hospital with shrapnel wounds in the back.—"One day we were billeted in a barn in a village to the rear, as about the safest place we could go to. Shells were dropping all over the place, but no one seemed to mind, and we were whistling to liven things up a bit, when one of those 'Jack Johnson' shells came through the roof and burst among us. The barn fell in, and the moaning of our poor chaps was awful to hear. I felt as though my back had received a great thud with something, and was quite conscious until some ten minutes after, when I went out for about half an hour. We had twenty killed and thirty-two wounded with that one unlucky shell."

BRITISH PRISONERS.

Sergeant S. Matthews, 2d Border Regiment, a prisoner of war at Götingen, Hanover, writes to his commanding officer at the Carlisle depot:—Enclosed please find roll of N.C.O.'s and men who were captured on October 26. I am forwarding roll, as probably the relatives of these N.C.O.'s and men will suffer with regard to allotments, &c., and will also be in doubt as to whereabouts if seen in newspapers as missing. We are allowed to write and also receive things from home, such as safety razors, shirts, socks, and such-like, also money, but no cigarettes or tobacco. A[ll] our correspondence to and from England mu[st] be in pencil, as all letters are censored.

Our regiment had an awful time and suffere[d] heavily. Major Allen, Captain Gordon Lee[s] Lieutenant Egerton, Warren, were killed, an[d] Captain Cholmondeley wounded. Lieutenan[t] Evans was wounded and captured with mysel[f] and four men, and remnants of A and B Com[-] panies were coming in all day.

THE CROSS FOR BERLIN.

From a driver in the 15th Horse Artiller[y] Brigade to his cousin in London:—

"I have still the little cross and your photo[-] graph, and I shall take them to Berlin. W[e] have just left Ypres for a few days' rest. I expect you have heard about the battle there as the greatest in history. If people want to know what war is they should come to thi[s] place and see the ruined homes, and the ol[d] men and women being wheeled about in bar[-] rows. It would break anyone's heart. An[d] then one sees our wounded coming back from the trenches covered with mud and blood."

OFFICER'S TRIBUTE TO MEN

The following is extracted from the letter o[f] a cavalry officer written in the trenches:—"I can't speak too highly of "Tommy" at th[e] front; he is a perfect dear. Nothing depresses him, and under all circumstances he is chee[r]ful, serene, and ready for anything. I at getting into close touch with my own Tommie[s] now, and we are great pals. They are alway[s] coming to see whether there is anything the[y] can do to make me more comfortable, and if they get hold of a little drop of or some thing of that sort—oh, what comfort you ca[n] get out of an old tin or broken tablespoon o[n] those occasions—I must have the first sip o[f] it.

In the ruined farm close to our trenche[s] there is a little black dog, the last remainin[g] living thing in a once large and prosperou[s] farmhouse. He won't eat, and when the so[l]diers gather in the dark at the back of th[e] charred walls preparatory to filing into th[e] trenches he runs from one to another, b[ut] when he finds that they are not the people h[e] used to know and love he runs off again t[o] continue his endless search from room t[o] room, out to the barns and stables, and ba[ck] again to the houses.

I watched him through my glasses from th[e] trenches, and when we mustered at the far[m] on the way back three days later he was st[ill] searching, but obviously he was getting t[o] the end of his poor little strength. Some o[f] our fellows wanted to take him along, bu[t] being dark they could not catch him, and th[e] men only muster here in the dark hours o[f] the night. And as far as you can see rou[nd] that part of the country there is the sam[e] desolation and ruin. We hear the big gu[ns] of war and the flurry and bluster of it all, bu[t] these little tragedies, which are the real pri[ce] of war, pass unnoticed.

What a tale of broken hearts and hopele[ss] misery lies amidst those gaunt and silent ru[ins] that were once pretty little villages and far[m] houses. If the people in England could on[ly] come over here and see it all—if they cou[ld] only have seen that little dog—there wouldn['t] be any necessity to talk of conscription.

CARTOONS UP-TO-DATE.

OUCH!

New York Evening Telegram.

TURKEY CON[illegible]

Philadelphia Record.

A CHANGE OF FRONT

Boston Sunday Post.

"IT'S YOUR MOVE OLD CHAP!"

Montreal Standard.

THOSE WHO ARE DECORATED.

COMPLETED.

Finishing the rope with which he is to be hanged.

SIMPLE SAM—HE'LL NEVER GET PAST "B" IS FOR BELGIUM.

New York Herald.

ALMOST A TOTAL ECLIPSE!

New Orleans Times-Picayune.

HEARTS HOLD ON TO THEIR LEAD.

RANGERS GO NAP AGAINST ST MIRREN.

CRISP CRITICISM OF ALL THE BEST MATCHES.

Gates continue to fall. A noteworthy incident of the matches was the large number of soldiers of the King who were present.

AYR UNITED WHIP RAITH ROVERS.

Only 2700 people paid to see this match. There were many soldiers present. The wind was high and cold.

Raith Rovers were well whipped by a better team. Against the wind in the first period, the Fifers made a good enough start. They had quite as much of the game as the United, and it looked as if there was to be little in it at the close. For more than half an hour this went on, with the home men gradually coming more and more into the attacking picture.

The interval was approaching ere Ayr opened their account. Prior to this they had had several daring tries, but these had been met and repulsed in equally daring fashion by Neish. The United's first goal was the sequel to a foul within the box. It was clearly a foul, and a penalty kick was the only punishment possible. Richardson was going clean through. As he went the ball bounced and hit the centre on the arm. A claim for a foul was rightly ignored. Then Lavery rushed in and brought Richardson down wrongly. At once a penalty was asked and given. And M'Laughlan scored. Following this Ayr waltzed round the Rovers' defence on the right, and Richardson promptly netted a good cross by Goodwin.

The United did better against the end than the Rovers, and when M'Kenzie put them three ahead, the goal, the prettiest of the day, was thoroughly deserved. Raith were very disappointing in the closing period. Chances went abegging, and the general play fell a bit below their usual standard.

ABOUT THE PLAYERS.

Richardson led the forwards with vigour and skill. His distribution was precise, his individual bursts were strong and numerous, and his shooting was good. Middleton and Goodwin on the extreme wings played fairly well. M'Kenzie, the recruit from Yoker Athletic, made quite a satisfactory debut. He showed a sound knowledge of the game, and passed to left and right with judgment. M'Laughlan was the outstanding man in the half-back line. It was "Switcher's" day out. He had at least a dozen shots at goal, and was generally the master of the Rovers' right wing. Dainty was a big barrier, but this veteran is beginning to feel the wear and tear of many years of football. Nevin was not just in top form, but he was quite worth his place. Bell and M'Stey tackled soundly and strongly. They were lacking a little in accurate kicking, but the weather was to blame. Lyall did his little bit in his best style.

The Rovers never looked like getting the points. A draw was the most that was expected after the United drew blood. The best part of the side was the goalkeeper. Neish played rippingly. He had much to do. All he did was well done. Shot after shot he saved. Those which counted were absolutely unsaveable. Rovers have to thank him that the score against them was not larger.

Lavery was easily the better back. Winning never struck his true form, and was weak in tackling and kicking. Lavery got perhaps more than his share of the work, which accounted for a slight falling-off in the second half. Anderson for smart, stylish play took the eye at half-back. Latterly Porter found Richardson rather too big a handful. Ayr's defence was equal to the best offered by the Fife attack. Now and again the Rovers came away promisingly, but their outfield play never materialised. Gibson was the best of a weak line, which was upset by a superior defence.

RANGERS' HAUL.

St Mirren disappointed at Ibrox, but it was the other way about with the Rangers. The "Govanites" fell into a fresh, free, and delightful style, and won by a nap hand. There was nothing in the first five minutes' play to indicate the trend of events, and during that period Lock was the man who mattered.

The period of bombardment past, Rangers came into their own, and it was meet that Captain Logan should signalise his reappearance by scoring the first goal. The point was worked for by the left, and following a corner Logan got in a drive from outside the penalty area which had all the necessary velocity to elude Paisley's vigilant O'Hagan. From that point onward the "lads of blue" never looked back, and they showed such methods that goals were bound to come. Cairns had the second with as clever a piece of play as one would wish to see. He beat two men on his way in, and finished his good work by beating a third, and that man was the goalie. The third goal was again engineered from the left—Paterson to Cairns, thence Reid, and Willie snapped the chance.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

It was the same old story in the latter half—Rangers pretty in their method of going, and the Saints refusing to snap.

Bowie's shot was a lovely effort. He got the ball from Reid, and pieced it past O'Hagan to a nicety. Paterson's goal was due on his display, and his overhead effort fairly had the Paisley keeper on a string.

Rangers carried three half-backs, who dominated the game. They submerged the visiting front rankers. Gordon's subtlety, Purcell's spoiling, and Logan's leading out play to a nicety. Paterson's goal was due on his display, and his overhead effort fairly had the Paisley keeper on a string.

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victories was in store. Smith, Clark, and Grosart played fine football, and with Crossan showing signs of faltering, Boyd was kept on the move.

The Easter Road side flattered to deceive. They fell away before some pretty forward line movements, the Hearts' right wing in particular giving Templeton, Allan, & Co. considerable anxiety.

Wattie's third goal was a fine effort, but it was slightly overshadowed by that of Harry Graham.

In the second half Low got the third. Hibs were under strength in this period, Templeton being off with a severe strain, which will keep him off the field for some time.

Hibs were credited with one goal, which, however, was a gift, Boyd being prevented from saving a corner kick by his clubmate Nellies coming against his arm while trying to head the ball away. The Hearts' backs, after a shaky start, put in good work, with Currie slightly in advance of Crossan in ability.

Briggs, Scott, and Nellies were difficult to circumvent. The Hearts' forwards played superbly. Wattie, Low, and Graham were the pick.

Hibs' defence was a puzzle, and Allan had always to be ready for the vagaries of those in front of him. Patterson and Goodwood were most successful in that department, with W. Smith and Clark the brightest in the forward line. Fleming, Lennie, and Hendren were spasmodic, and easily beaten at close quarters. Hearts were worthy winners.

MORTON V. CLYDE.

The wind had no little say in the game between the teams. Morton had its assistance in the first half, when they started their lead. Their defence kept the ball on the ground, and invariably placed it to the feet of one of their forwards.

The wings lost no time in getting the ball across, and had Buchanan been in good form Henderson's debut would have been anything but pleasant. Seymour and M'Lauchlan were ably supported by Stevenson and Gourlay, who were irresistible, and the two goals scored were beauties.

Clyde had opportunities galore in the second half, but failed to redeem themselves. Bad judgment and over-eagerness spoiled all their efforts. In the last twenty minutes Allan's success helped them to make further attempts to pull the game out of the fire, but M'Lauchlan's third goal somewhat checked their effort. Morton in their first-half display were worthy winners, and if Clyde have a grievance they have their forwards to blame.

CELTIC JUST GET HOME.

Celtic, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in getting both points at Pittodrie. The game was spoiled by a boisterous wind. Both sides were very strong.

The Dons began with the breeze behind them. And they made the pace, which was a hot one. Celts, however, put up a sure defence, and later on came into the picture with a raid which looked very dangerous for the homesters. A mistake by Colman was grandly covered by Anderson. Afterwards the Dons pressed repeatedly. Celtic's goal was often in jeopardy, but the home forwards hadn't any luck. Besides, their shooting methods were hopeless against a defence such as Celtic's. It was foolish to try long-range shots, as the Dons did. It was no wonder the Celts kept the home lot out.

The visitors ultimately took up the running, and in the teeth of the wind gave Aberdeen defence on more time enough. Browning had hard lines with a lightning-like shot, and before the interval Anderson had his hands full with excellent deliveries. His save from Gallacher was magnificent.

The period was void of goals. Celtic, with the wind, put on the screw. Aberdeen's defence was sorely taxed, but it never lay down to the champions' forcing play. Play for the most part favoured the visitors. Aberdeen's defence tried to break down the Celtic defence, but, while playing with commendable dash, they utterly failed. M'Menemy scored the only goal of the game with fifteen minutes to go. It was a well-earned point, and worthily taken by the best forward on the field. The Dons played pluckily, and, although defeated, were not disgraced. Best for Celts—Shaw, M'Nair, Dodds, M'Menemy, and Browning; for Aberdeen—Colman, Hume, and Wyllie.

THISTLE JAG DUMBARTON.

There were less than 2000 people to watch this match at Boghead. Playing against the breeze, the Sons were at once placed on the defensive, but the pressure was easily relieved. Gradually the homesters got on the move, and the Thistle's defence had to look lively to prevent a score. Caffrey and Adams were more than once in straits, and but for Campbell's agility first blood would have been drawn by the Sons.

Play opened out. The Thistle attacked repeatedly, but Dumbarton always replied with pluck and spirit. Hynd almost did the trick for the Jags with a ripping shot. Rowan might have netted for the Sons, but he dallied too long, and threw away a chance. Against the wind the home forwards were daring and dashing, but their eagerness did not make for paying methods. Consequently, as the game went on, the Thistle came more and more into the picture. Branscombe had a brilliant shot, Hamilton's save was equally brilliant. At last pressure told, Branscombe, after good outfield play by the forward line, finding the net from close quarters.

It was hoped that the "Sons" would rise to the occasion against the wind, but this they didn't do. Thistle came away strongly in the first five minutes, and Whittle beat Hamilton to the wide. Thereafter the "Sons" played desperately, but could not break down the Jags' fine defence.

AIRDRIE v. FALKIRK.

Airdrie, without the valuable services of Reid, had a hard struggle with Falkirk at Broomfield. The Onians made a sensational start, scoring in less than five minutes. It was done thus. Johnston and Miller travelled along the right. The outside man, when challenged, centred, and Sam Johnston, who had entered the ball and shot. Henderson was clean beaten. The Bairns made a splendid reply. Strong pressure was put upon the Airdrie goal. Glancy got a chance. He at once let rip. The ball was travelling straight and true when Gane wilfully handled. A penalty kick was at once given, and Morrison equalised. This was rapid scoring, and kept the interest up.

Ding-dong play followed, with the homesters having the better of the exchanges. Falkirk's defence was very dour. Brown kept a capital goal. He had a lot to do, and he did it well.

Donaldson saved a second goal for Airdrie nearing the interval. The Bairns pressed in the second period. They were met by a powerful defence, which, however, at last yielded to a shot from the foot of Thomson, the Brockvilles inside left. This was at once followed by a determined raid by the home forwards. Donaldson and Paterson were prominent, and the latter, crossing timeously, Johnston fastened on and gave his side the lead once more. The Bairns strove desperately for the equaliser, but Brown kept a sure goal.

A DIVIDE AT DUNDEE.

Stormy weather spoiled everything at Dens Park.

It was a poor game. There were no outstanding features, and no goals. With the wind Dundee pressed to the finish. Brownlie stopped them. Thereafter the Warriors assumed the offensive, but Dundee's defence was sound. Play was fairly equal, Third Lanark putting up a good fight with the wind in their faces.

Dundee, however, began to make the pace. The ball was swung in from both wings, and the Cathkin defence was kept in a tangle for a time. Hogg had decidedly hard lines with a fine shot, which hit the upright. At this period the Dundonians were thick about Brownlie, who had a slice of luck in saving his charge.

In the second period play was rather in favour of Dundee, who made quite a good show against the wind. Brownlie and his backs were kept busy, but refused to be beaten. Thereafter the Warriors attacked often, and missed several chances. Had they nobbled half of them the points would have gone to the Reds. Brownlie was in good form, and Swift and Hannah the pick of the halves. The forwards were good in the open only. Hogg was best in Dundee's attack.

CONDENSED SO THAT YOU WILL GET TO KNOW QUICKLY

ALL THAT IS HAPPENING IN THE FOOTBALL WORLD.

QUEEN'S PARK SPRING ANOTHER BIG SURPRISE.

Four "away" teams won yesterday—Celtic, Morton, Partick, and Hamilton.

Falkirk fell at Airdrie. At Broomfield they nearly swept them out of the park.

Did you notice that the top notchers notched two points each? It's a way they have with them.

The gate at Ayr was £70. According to a Director, if this goes on, United will have to close down.

Tottenham will have to put their "Spurs" on. To be defeated 4-0 by Blackburn is little short of scandalous.

The price of Toffee has gone up. So they say. The "Toffee" men have at least gone up the League ladder.

It was a very appropriate result—that at Dundee between the Dens Parkers and Third Lanark. 0-0! That speaks for itself. Two nothings.

At Bramall Lane, Sheffield United taught Oldham Athletic a lesson. 3-0! Speaks for itself. Allow the "Blades" when they want to "cut in."

Raith put their defeat at Ayr down to the losing of the toss. Ah! well, better that than losing their heads. The points may be recovered later on.

Take it from me, had it not been for the Blantyre man Dundee would have got both points yesterday. International James was in International form.

A certain club in Scotland is wondering what "force majeure" means. I have suggested a few lessons in French. The Germans will understand it later on.

Glorious Queen's! You went out to "kill" —being active army men—and you have got two points in your haversack. What a knock the defeat was to Kilmarnock!

Mr Richardson, of Raith Rovers, thinks we might as well "close the shop" if it is decided to negative the Cup-tie programme. Something in what he says!

Dick Vickers, the assistant trainer to Raith Rovers, is getting on very well in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. His injured ankle will trouble him for a bit, however.

There doesn't seem any prospect of the Hearts losing ground for a bit. Look over their matches, and you will agree with me. The Heart of Midlothian is beating soundly.

Isn't it strange that it should have again to be recorded that "Aberdeen did all the attacking but could not score"? The Northern Directors will have to give their forwards more "Call."

The Dons were very much down—in the mouth. You can Celtic-kets for anything you like, but they are after the Hearts. The fact that Hibs went down by 3-1 doesn't disturb them.

All this stuff you hear about there being a "split-up" Aberdeen way, put it down to a wanton waste of useful intelligence which is unfortunately allied with a tremendous force of ignorance.

At Easter Road, after the Hearts result at Tynecastle, and having regard to the hourly fall of snow, they have resolved to "hibernate." If you see through this there will be an issue of free tickets.

Dumbarton are not going too well this weather. Partick Thistle, of course, are not a trifling lot, but couldn't the Rock men keep them out of the Bog-head? They should have entrenched their position.

Say a word against Brown, of Airdrie, anywhere near Broomfield Park, and you run a serious risk of being disabled.

The surprise of English football was the defeat by Bradford of Aston Villa. An architect is to be called in. When we get his report there will perhaps be another Shrove Tuesday. Overlooked by the Censor.

Rangers' forward play was a revelation against St Mirren to those who thought they would never be an effective combination. Take note of the five, and how they were placed—Bennett, Bowie, Reid, Cairns, and Patterson.

If Sunderland don't watch themselves they will lose their intitial letter, and then there will be something for the man whose chief object is to dig 6 by 2. See? The score at Valley Parade was Bradford City 3, Sunderland 1. Grave news!

The best of the Scottish results yesterday was that at Motherwell. This, of course, is not a Motherwell view The puir body is badly. The Accies beat them by 4-2. What for, too! The rascals.

Billy Hogg, as you all know, is a humorist. Said his travelling friend in the train yesterday—"I suppose business will be rotten with you?" "Well," was the reply, "it might a' been waur." Next for shavin'.

Billy Hogg had one terrific drive yesterday. The ball left his boot like a shot from a 4.7 gun, but it struck the post. Brownlie was at his post, of course. I wonder if he heard about that cigar wager with Willie Barr?

If my memory is not at fault Brown (Third Lanark), Richardson (Ayr United), Browning (Celtic), Clark (St Mirren), and Reid (of Airdrieonians) are the only players who have scored three goals in League football. M'Atee, of course, has got four.

St Bernards are living up to their great name as Cup-tie fighters. East Stirlingshire arrived home very discontented last night. They were very hopeful of coming out on top, but they failed to accomplish what they thought themselves capable of achieving.

GAME SHOULD GO ON.

M.P.'s VIEWS ON SCOTLAND'S POSITION.

(By Our Own Representative.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

I interviewed Mr Thomas Scanlan, M.P., who introduced the representatives of the S.F.A. to-night. He said that the conference was very important in this sense, that Scotland expressed the desire to carry out all the wishes of the War Office fully in regard to football.

There had been some misconception as to the meaning of Scotland's attitude in the London press. The Scottish delegates pointed out that once the Football Association stopped Cup ties they would not sanction League fixtures got up in their place.

"My personal opinion of the position," said Mr Scanlan, "is that football is a very necessary recreation for a great number of people, and that all that is expected of the football people is to show in some particular way their sympathy with the country in its special need."

This in effect is the view of Mr Tennant. Mr Scanlan's allusion to the misconception of the press had reference to a comment in the Westminster Gazette, in which it was held that it was only the League matches that mattered.

Scotland's Position.

The Scottish Football Association (says a writer in the Westminster Gazette) has gone further than its fellows. It has decided to abandon not only the International fixtures but the Cup ties. In receiving a deputation yesterday Mr Tennant stated that he had expressed his views that both International matches and Cup ties should be abandoned. The other Football Associations retain the Cup ties. We cannot help feeling, however, that the War Office position betrays a rather remarkable ignorance of the actual position. It is not the Cup ties but the Leagues which hold professional footballers together.

To be first in one of the big Leagues is a more important matter to a club than to win the English Cup, and the League is the cement which prevents any of the clubs giving facilities to its members to enlist. Abandoning both the International games and the Cup ties will have very small effect on the position.

"Official and Unofficial."

Mr F. J. Will, the secretary of the Football Association, declined this morning to make any statement, but informed a representative of the Press Association that the matter would come before the Council of the Football Association at their meeting on Monday, and, following the matter up, the Representative Association had an interview with an influential member of the Council of the Football Association, who said—"It is extremely important to differentiate between that which is official and that which is unofficial. When the conference between the four National Associations had finished its work on Thursday the delegates of the Scottish Association had completed the duties they were sent to London to perform. In their official capacity as representatives of the Scottish Association they voted for the resolution which affirmed in unmistakable terms that while it was desirable International matches should be abandoned for the season, it was desirable that all other forms of football, including Cup ties, should be continued.

"The happenings on Friday were absolutely unofficial, and I am the more able to emphasise this fact because I know that the secretary of the Scottish Football Association was completely ignorant of the visit of his colleagues to the War Office until after it had taken place, and it must be understood that these gents. went as individuals and not as representatives of the Scottish Association.

An Important Point.

"Another point of considerable importance is that Mr Tennant received them, not as representing the War Office, but as Mr Tennant, and any expression of view which he gave was Mr H. J. Tennant's personal opinion, and was not the collective view of the War Office. So far as I am able to judge from what has taken place at the numerous conferences which have been held between the representatives of the football and the War Office, the War Office does not intend to request that League matches and other football competitions shall be stopped."

LEADING RESULTS

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aberdeen	0	Celtic	1
Airdrieonians	5	Falkirk	2
Ayr United	3	Raith Rovers	0
Dundee	0	Third Lanark	0
Motherwell	2	Hamilton Acas.	4
Morton	3	Clyde	1
Queen's Park	1	Kilmarnock	0
Rangers	5	St Mirren	0

Second Division.

Cowdenbeath	3	Vale of Leven	0
Clydebank	9	Leith	2
Johnstone	3	Dundee Hibs	1
Arthurlie	2	Dunfermline Athletic	0
Abercorn	0	Lochgelly United	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Aston Villa	1	Bradford	2
Bradford City	3	Sunderland	1
Bristol	0	Notts County	0
Chelsea	0	Sheffield Wednesday	0
Everton	2	West Bromwich A.	1
Manchester City	1	Liverpool	1
Middlesbrough	1	Manchester United	1
Newcastle United	1	Bolton Wanderers	2
Sheffield United	1	Oldham Athletic	0
Tottenham Hotspur	0	Blackburn Rovers	4

Second Division.

Barnsley	2	Stockport County	0
Blackpool	1	Wolverhampton Wan.	0
Bristol City	3	Derby County	0
Bury	5	Arsenal	1
Glossop	1	Fulham	0
Grimsby Town	2	Birmingham	0
Huddersfield Town	0	Lincoln City	1
Leicester Fosse	1	Hull City	1
Notts Forest	1	Leeds City	1
Preston North End	2	Clapton Orient	2

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Gillingham	2	Northampton	2
Brighton and Hove A.	4	Southampton	0
Cardiff City	3	Reading	2
Exeter City	0	Croydon Common	1
Forthmouth	1	Millwall Athletic	1
Swindon Town	1	Queen's Park R.	2
Crystal Palace	1	South United	1
West Ham United	2	Plymouth Argyll	0
Norwich City	2	Watford	0

QUALIFYING CUP.

Galston	2	Dykehead	2
St Bernard	2	East Stirlingshire	1

RESERVE LEAGUE.

St Mirren A.	1	Rangers A.	1
Third Lanark A.	2	Q.P. Strollers	2
Dundee A.	0	Hearts A.	0
Raith Rovers A.	0	Ayr United A.	1
Morton A.	1	Stevenston United	3
Partick Thistle A.	4	Dumbarton Harp	1
Kilmarnock A.	4	Clyde A.	2

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Broxburn United	5	Clackmannan	0
Kirkcaldy United	1	Arbroath	5
East Fife	3	Forfar Athletic	2
Alloa Athletic	3	Montrose	1

SCOTTISH UNION.

Royal Albert	2	Peebles Rovers	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Third Round Replays.

Benburb	1	Larkhall Thistle	1
Irvine Meadow	4	Saltcoats Victoria	0
Dreghorn Juniors	3	Cumnock Juniors	1
Kilsyth Rangers	5	Wallacetes Rovers	0
Dundee Fairfield	1	Alyth Violet	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Bellshill Athletic	0	Glencairn	1
Cambuslang Rangers	5	Clydebank Juniors	0
Rob Roy	3	Perthshire	1

Game stopped.

Petershill	4	Shettleston	1

NORTH-EASTERN CUP.

Ashfield	2	Strathelyde	1
Marybill	2	Parkhead	1
Vale of Clyde	2	St Anthony's	1

At Glossop it is reported that there were 499 spectators present.

Look out for fireworks on Monday evening in the football world.

Trainer Wilson, of Kirkintilloch Harp, has joined the Royal Scots.

They are seriously wondering up Aberdeen way what will have to be won. See it?

If Chelsea can't win a match or two at home, they will soon have a few "pensioners."

Fancy Raith losing themselves at Ayr! It wouldn't have been so bad if they had been in it.

Fancy Bairns at the front. They will get more than a "Nichol," however. One and twopance a day, I believe.

Despite what officialdom says, there will be a closing down by certain clubs soon after the New Year, if not before then.

What First League club is looking after Smith, Rutherglen Glencairn's clever half-back? I'll let you know in time.

The home teams scored 19 goals in the First Division of Scottish football yesterday. They might have made a "score" of it.

Wireless from Friend M'Cartney — "Our Heart's all right." I was just looking up the result. You had better do the same.

Let me know, those of you who have seen him, what you think of M'Tavish, the Duntocher goalkeeper. Different reports reach me.

Clyde have now called upon the services of 19 players in the course of the campaign. They will continue, no doubt, to "call up the reserves."

Woolwich Arsenal left all their artillery at home when they went to Bury. No; I'm wrong. They took one "gun" and it "got there."

Third Lanark secured their first "away" point at Dundee, and they were mighty glad to get it. It is now carefully treasured in Renfrewshire.

I was led to believe last night that I shall have the privilege of reading a peculiar story about a referee on Tuesday morning. I wonder who he is?

If Partick Thistle could only "steady up," they would prove themselves one of the teams of the year. That performance at Dumbarton was distinctly good.

They say at Broomfield—those at least who have joined Kitchener's Army—that they will sweep Weelum off the face of the earth. Ye see, he is meddlin' wi' the diel.

I wonder how much Motherwell would give to get Colin Hampton back? Yet, they tell me his successor is playing really well. The men in front are getting all the blame.

They say in Kirkcaldy—and some people in Ayr also say—that Neish is the finest goalkeeper in Scotland. He is certainly a credit to Methil, and to the man who "discovered" him.

Oldham Athletic, who are at the top of the English First League, are an "All English team." Chelsea, from which we all expected so much, will have to struggle to escape from the foot of the ladder. They'll never get to the top.

Gourlay, of Greenock Morton, who has proved one of the most profitable investments the Cappielow management ever made.

When will there be a "harmony" at Dens Park? I am sorry to have to harp on this string so frequently, but I never hear any response to my call. Nothing wrong with the tune, is there?

To all inquiring friends, Dick Vickers, the assistant Raith Rovers trainer, who got into that smash near Portobello, is getting better. Reading this of a Sunday he will appreciate, being a Vicker.

There was a great scene at Tynecastle yesterday when the Heart of Midlothian players trotted on to the field. Grossert, so far, is the only Hibernian who has followed the example of M'Cartney's men.

It is quite true that Dundee Directors have in view the question of an extension of their lease. The people are not giving them much support at the moment to justify them going ahead with their enterprise.

Why this decline of Dumbarton? Can't they solve the problem themselves, or will some of us have to solve it for them? I know what I would do were I a Boghead Director. I would make it my immediate business to consult Paddy Travers.

They are Reading about the Cardiff City to-day. The officials of the former club are thinking of reading the Riot Act. The Lord Chief Justice won't be happy to-night. He does delight to see his favourite team winning.

How long will Andrew Cunningham have to wait for these honours which are so very long overdue? Not this season, of course, but really if the Association won't recognise him the club ought to. What a player he is, and what a gentleman!

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Oldham Athletic	15	10	2	3	26	22	23
Manchester City	16	9	4	3	21	9	23
Aston Villa	16	9	4	3	27	22	21
Sheffield Wednesday	16	8	4	4	29	19	20
Everton	16	8	4	4	34	16	20
Bradford City	16	7	4	5	20	12	19
Aston Villa	15	7	6	3	25	25	17
Middlesbrough	15	4	5	4	22	23	16
Burnley	15	6	6	3	23	16	15
West Bromwich A.	16	6	8	4	23	16	16
Bradford	15	7	7	1	25	30	15
Sunderland	15	6	8	1	27	39	13
Sheffield United	15	4	9	2	17	18	13
Liverpool	16	4	7	5	27	39	13
Chelsea	15	3	9	3	16	29	12
Newcastle United	16	4	8	4	18	18	12
Bolton Wanderers	17	5	10	2	32	45	12
Manchester United	16	3	8	5	22	36	11
Tottenham Hotspur	16	3	9	4	22	40	10
Notts County	16	2	8	6	14	26	9

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Huddersfield Town	16	10	4	2	26	14	22
Derby County	15	10	5	0	30	10	22
The Arsenal	17	8	5	4	21	21	20
Preston North End	16	7	4	5	21	18	19
Bristol City	15	7	4	4	28	19	18
Barnsley	16	8	5	3	17	20	18
Bury	16	8	6	2	20	20	18
Fulham	16	7	6	3	21	20	17
Birmingham	15	6	5	4	23	16	16
Hull City	16	6	6	4	21	20	16
Wolverhampton Wan.	16	6	7	3	25	21	15
Clapton Orient	16	5	6	5	19	20	15
Grimsby Town	17	5	7	5	20	23	15
Stockport County	15	5	6	4	17	18	14
Notts Forest	17	5	8	4	24	32	14
Lincoln City	16	5	8	3	17	26	13
Leeds City	16	4	8	4	22	25	12
Blackpool	16	5	9	1	17	26	11
Leicester Fosse	16	4	10	2	15	31	10
Glossop	16	3	10	3	13	31	9

BRADFORD'S SURPRISE AT VILLA PARK.

NORTH-EASTERN CLUB'S BLACK SATURDAY.

HUDDERSFIELD HUMILIATED BY LINCOLN CITY.

Oldham Athletic got it piping hot from Sheffield United, and the result is they find themselves level-pegging at the top with Manchester City, who could only draw at home with Liverpool.

Bradford brought off another big thing. To defeat Aston Villa at Birmingham was a really outstanding performance, and proves that the newcomers to the League are to fully justify their elevation.

Everton go on their conquering way. They had a good win over the Throstles.

Tottenham 'Spurs are graduating for relegation. Blackburn Rovers mopped 'em up at White Hart Lane to the tune of 4-0.

Middlesbro', as champion drawista, shared the spoil with the lowly Manchester United at Ayresome.

It was a bad day for the North-Eastern clubs. None of them managed to win, and Sunderland and Newcastle were beaten.

Huddersfield Town, whose jump into the limelight was phenomenal, suffered a humiliating reverse by Lincoln City.

Manchester C., 1 Liverpool, - 1

At Manchester The ground was in a sloppy condition with half a gale blowing. The City played Henry for Maguire, whilst Scott, Pursel, and Lowe regained places in the Liverpool team. Aided by a stiff breeze, the City had the best of the opening play. Taylor and Hughes putting in clever work. The visitors subsequently improved, Pagnam being very prominent. Taylor missed scoring with only Scott to beat, shooting into the custodian's hands. Interval—Manchester City, 0; Liverpool, 0

When the game was resumed before 8000 people the City played a much improved game, and after eight minutes took the lead. Cumming, after dribbling close in, passed to Howard, who lashed the ball into the net. Subsequently the play on both sides became disjointed. Purcell got away dangerous shots by Daugham, and at the other end Smith saved from Miller. Five minutes from time M'Kinlay equalised from a centre by Sheldon.

Newcastle U., 1 Bolton W., - 2

At Newcastle, in cold, boisterous weather, before 10,000 spectators The pitch was in good condition. Newcastle played with the wind, but the half gale made play disjointed and scrappy. Wallace scored for Bolton after thirty-eight minutes. Hibbert equalised almost immediately. Wanderers made many dangerous incursions, but the game was featureless. Half-time—Newcastle, 1; Bolton Wanderers, 1.

Beginning the second half Newcastle attacked repeatedly, and were seen in a much better light than in the first half. The Bolton goal narrowly escaped. Pizzard was carefully watched, and made comparatively little progress. After a run by Smith and Robertson, the latter, with a fine short drive, scored for Bolton. After a perfect centre sometime later, Roberts shot across the goalmouth. Newcastle forwards would not shoot.

Chelsea, - - 0 Sheffield W., 0

Played at Chelsea, in cold weather, before 15,000 spectators. Chelsea had Brittany at centre-forward, Thomson at outside right. Ford being unwell. The Wednesday had a strong wind behind them in the first half, but Chelsea played well against it. They lost Marshall (injured) after fifteen minutes, but still were more dangerous, the halves doing splendidly. Davison saved from Britain twice. Wilson nearly scored for Wednesday. Half-time—Chelsea, 0; Sheffield Wednesday, 0.

All things considered Chelsea did very well to more than hold their own in the first half. With the wind veering they did not afterwards benefit so much as the Wednesday had. but their defence was splendid, Halse at left back doing fine work. Their attack, however, suffered in the absence of one man, but was occasionally dangerous. Wednesday forwards gave a disappointing display, seldom being really together nor clever enough to outwit the opposing defence.

Bradford City, 3 Sunderland, - 1

At Valley Parade in tempestuous weather, before 6000 spectators. Play was very even in the first half, but Philip ought to have given Sunderland the lead after twenty-five minutes. This shot, at about five yards' range was slow, and Ewart stopped it. Both goalkeepers made good saves. Shepherd for Bradford City had one shot which hit the upright. The home forwards forced many corners. Half-time—Bradford City, 0; Sunderland, 0.

The home team took the lead three minutes from the start, Bond heading a pretty goal from a centre by Logan. Buchan equalised by heading in from a flag kick by Mordue, and Brown put Bradford in front with a goal by scoring from a corner kick, this goal also being headed. Just before the close Shepherd dribbled from near the halfway line, and drove in a beautiful shot which beat Scott.

Sheffield U., 3 Oldham Ath., 0

In dull weather, before 9000 spectators. Sheffield introduced Bawley, Utley being rested. The United, losing the toss, faced the wind and sleet. Oldham pressed from the start, but Sheffield forced two fruitless corners. The wind made the home backs uncertain in their clearances. A breakaway by Sheffield resulted in Simmons scoring with a long shot. Sheffield continued to have the upper hand. After a brilliant forward play Masterman got through, shooting a second goal. Half-time—Sheffield United, 2; Oldham, 0.

Sheffield quickly forced the game. After continued pressure, Matthews made a brilliant clearance from Kitchen. Oldham then attacked desperately, Gough clearing hot shots in quick succession, Walter being very dangerous. The game was now very dashing, both sides attacking in turn. Towards the finish Sheffield put on full pressure, Davies shooting a third goal with a lovely shot. Sheffield attacked until the finish.

TottenhamH., 0 BlackburnR., 4

Bright weather prevailed at Tottenham, where about 10,000 people saw Hotspur begin well with the wind and sun behind them. Middlemiss and Cantrell forced corners, and the centre forward hit the bottom of the post with a splendid shot Play was fast on a rather slippery turf. Cantrell missed a chance and Simpson blundered when Joyce was out of goal. Offside spoiled attacks at each end. Half-time—Hotspur, 0; Rovers, 0.

Four minutes after the resumption Hodkinson centred, and Collins put the ball through his own goal after Joyce had saved. Joyce later ran out to clear when Dawson had no one else to beat. Robinson stopped a very hot penalty kick by Clay, awarded for hands. Joyce stopped a direct low shot by Dawson. Eight minutes from the end Hodkinson scored. Latheron also beat Joyce, Rovers finishing strongly. Hodkinson scored a fourth goal.

Everton, - - 2 W. Brom. A., 1

At Liverpool, in stormy weather, before 10,000 spectators. Everton were at full strength, while the visitors played Crisp and Bookman vice Jephcott and Shearman. Everton were aggressive in the opening stages, and Parker missed an open goal. Everton maintained the pressure but the visitors' defence played splendidly, and nullified all Everton's efforts to score. Interval—Everton, 0; West Bromwich, 0.

The visitors resumed without Bentley, who was injured just prior to the interval. Everton were the first to attack, and five minutes from the resumption Clennel scored for the homesters. The visitors then had a turn at attacking, and Crisp equalised. The concluding stages of the game favoured the homesters, and Parker scored the winning goal for them with a terrific ground drive.

Middlesbro', 1 Manchester U., 1

At Middlesbrough, before 7000 spectators. The ground was firm. Middlesbrough had Walker, W. Karr, Wilson for Weir, Jackson, and Storey. United were unchanged. United exerted heavy pressure with the wind helping them, and West hit hard, whilst Davies saved splendidly from the same player. Middlesbrough defence were hard pressed continuously. Once Davidson had a shot which was not far wide of Beale. Interval—Middlesbrough, 0; Manchester United, 0.

Early in the second half Carr and Elliot missed chances for Middlesbro', and Carr also headed wide. Walker checked two of the United attacks cleverly. Beale saved bravely twice. Beale saved the situation once by clinging to the

SURPRISE AT PARK.

S BLACK SATURDAY.

ED BY LINCOLN CITY.

vice. Beale saved the situation once by inging to the ball till the referee intervened. ason scored for United, and five minutes om time Elliot equalised.

Burnley, - 0 Notts County, 0

At Turf Moor, Burnley, before 6000 specta-rs, in gusty, showery weather. The game as fast and even, but a strong wind interfered ith good play. Burnley attacked forcibly nd long, but the defence was alert. At the ther end Notts made several raids. Waterall nd Henshall were working nicely, but only wo or three good shots were sent in, and the ustodian had no difficult work to do. Inter-al—No scoring.

Notts, having the wind, opened the second alf very promisingly. They attacked fre-uently, and had hard lines. Burnley put ome spirit into the game, and bombarded eemonger, who kept his charge well. A severe truggle was made for the winning point. In he dusk both ends were rapidly visited, but he shooting was generally bad. Burnley men hanged position, but the defence was sterling t both ends.

Aston Villa, - 1 Bradford, - - 2

Villa played Leach for Barbour. Kirby icked off before 10,000 spectators. Villa ttacked with the wind. Play was keen, but he wind spoilt many well-meant passes. Hampton and Stevenson, for Villa, and Ban-hop and Kirby, for Bradford, put in good hots. The Villa had the balance of the play, ut failed to secure a success. Interval—Villa, 0; Bradford, 0.

On resuming, Villa attacked, and Bache lifted he ball to Edgeley, who centred, Stephan-on heading through four minutes from he restart. Five minutes later Kerby scored. Hardy saved, but the referee ruled the ball ad crossed the line. Seven minutes from ime Bradford rushed in together, and Little ave them the lead. Villa tried hard to draw even, but without success.

SECOND DIVISION.

Grimsby T., - 1 Birmingham, 0

Played before 4000 spectators. A very strong wind favoured Grimsby in the first half, but heir attack lacked method, and they failed to urn to advantage the opportunities while the wind gave. Birmingham were a much better side, both in control of the ball and in defence. but in the last twenty minutes Grimsby greatly mproved, and Rippon headed through from a corner two minutes from the finish.

Barnsley, - - 2 Stockport Co., 0

About 3000 spectators saw a good game, despite the depressing climatic conditions. Barnsley played Lees and Musgrove for Lup-sell and Rooney indisposed. Lees headed a fine goal after eleven minutes, but subse-quently Stockport showed up well, but met a strong defence, Downs playing a masterly game. Donkin again shone, and for Stock-port Goodwin, Hullock, Rodgers, and Wood were prominent. In the last minute Donkin scored.

Hudd'rsf'ld T., 0 Lincoln City, 1

At Huddersfield in wild weather before 4000 spectators. A powerful wind harassed the players on both sides. Huddersfield had much of the play in the first half, but Butler kept a safe goal, and the interval arrived with the score sheet blank. Ten minutes after the re-sumption Chesser scored for Lincoln with a long shot, which Mutch was unable to keep out. Later Jee retired injured. Try as they would Huddersfield could not equalise.

Notts Forest, 3 Leeds C., - - 1

In wet, boisterous weather, at Nottingham, before 3000 spectators. Despite the unfavour-able conditions some interesting play was witnessed. Coleman scored for the Forest twenty-two minutes from the start, the home team leading at the interval by 1 to 0. Nine minutes from the recommencement Spiers equalised from Sharp's corner. Seventeen minutes later Jones placed the Forest ahead. Neve scoring a third for them three minutes from time, the Leeds' defence being thor-oughly outmanœuvred.

Blackpool, - 1 W'v'rh'mt'n W.0

Played at Blackpool, in a gale of wind that made it almost impossible to control the ball. There was no change in either team. The first half was very scrappy, the ball being fre-quently out of play, and neither goalkeeper was seriously tested. Half an hour after the restart Sibbald, who had previously missed a good chance, scored from Green's pass. Dunn should have equalised, but shot against Kidd from four yards' range.

Preston N.E., 2 Clapton Orient, 2

At Deepdale, in tempestous weather, before 5000 spectators. Both sides were unchanged, Preston still missing Osborn. Preston opened best, but the Orient scored through M'Fadden in their first attack, and were always danger-ous. On a breakaway near the interval they scored again through Dalrymple, who headed a goal from a corner kick. In the second half Preston livened up, and exerting heavy pres-sure, M'Call and Barbour scored for them.

Leicester F., 1 Hull City, - 1

At Leicester, before a small attendance, in showery weather. Hull had the assistance of a strong wind in the first half, but Fosse had a fair share of the play, and nothing was scored up to the interval. The second half was closely contested, and after thirty minutes Halligan scored for the visitors. Seven minutes from the close King headed into the net and equalised. Both Henry and Barnett effected fine saves.

Bury, - - - 3 Arsenal, - - 1

In stormy weather, before 5000 spectators. Buckley was left back for Arsenal, and Graham filled Buckley's place. Bury had advantage of a strong wind in the first half, and scored twice. Allan registered after three minutes and Lythgoe about twenty minutes later. After the interval the game was keenly and evenly contested, Bradshaw and Lythgoe each scoring.

Bristol City, 2 Derby County, 3

At Bristol. Five thousand spectators saw a very interesting game, considering the heavy state of the ground, but the final score was an utter contradiction to the run of the game. Leonard and Moore scored for Derby in the first half, Brown twice replying. Bristol had all the play in the second half, but the Derby defence was brilliant, and five minutes from time Panfield broke away and scored from Leonard's pass.

Glossop, - - 1 Fulham, - - 0

At Glossop before 500 spectators. Glossop, aided by the breeze, had the best of the open-ing half, and after eighteen minutes' play, following a corner, Knight scored with a lovely cross shot. Interval:—Glossop, 1; Fulham, 0.

Shortly after the restart Taylor and White shot wide for Fulham with fine openings. Ful-ham had the major part of the attacking this half, but their finishing efforts were weak.

Middlesbro' people said yesterday that Man-chester United are "Are-some" instead of "Ayrsome." There may be a need in the near future for spectacles to see through this.

It is high time something was done at Motherwell. Some team must be at the foot of the table, of course, but why the Fir Parkers? I have never been able to get at the bottom of their unaccountable decline.

With a problematical side, the victory of Queen's Park was little short of marvellous. Point me out a side with a team that could perform so prodigiously, with such a great number of their side with General French!

I am giving nothing away, I hope, when I say that Baird, the Clydebank junior centre half, has played a trial game for Rangers. But why this anxiety on the part of the Light Blues to secure a centre half? Wait and—

Rangers were surprisingly active at Ibrox against St Mirren. I heard a few remarks after the match which seemed to suggest that some people didn't agree with the man with the whistle. What a lot that whistle is y blamed for!

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, under-takes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Ger-many before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior part-ner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was cer-tain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the Ger-man spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is attached to the spy department of the Fatherland. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hanged at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

The lovers, now happily united, afterwards meet old friends in Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors, belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris.

Dick is also befriended by Perceval Carton, a secretary at the American Embassy, and Hans Friebaum, who had acted as valet to Gaylor in London and is now a secret service agent in Berlin, though in reality he is friendly towards Britain. With the help of his friends, Dick leads Herr Baumeister a fine dance.

Hans tells Dick about the pitiful plight of a young English couple—Mr and Mrs Dayre—who had been arrested on their honeymoon. Mrs Dayre is sentenced to be shot as a spy, but Dick manages to bring about her release and escape from Berlin in company of a train-load of Americans being sent off by Mr Car-ton, of the American Embassy.

The Waiter's Warning.

"NOW then, friend Carrick," said Carton when they were all outside the station and had sat down in a little cafe for some refreshment, "just you open that wise mouth of yours and let on to the escape of Mrs Dayre. Gee, it was the greatest get-away possible. She's all safe now, and I'm smiling all over my face and inside too. It's just bully."

"Well, I don't know that there is much in it to gas about, Carton," said Dick. "It was simple. There was the Governor's room looking out on to the road, in which the poor condemned was to eat her last break-fast. Henri and I went to look at it, and we saw that it would be the easiest thing in the world to open the window from the in-side and step out into freedom. One step down, one step over the little, low wall, and that was all."

"Most lucid, most informing," said Car-ton drily. "But that doesn't tell me how you did it."

"Oh, Henri and I fixed it up," said Dick, as if it were really the simplest thing in the world. "We found out easily enough where the prison chaplain lived, for his address was in the local directory, of course. Very well, then, the next thing to do was to stop the prison chaplain from going to his job in the morning and arrange for me to take his place.

"Henri disguised me. Amongst his ward-robe he had one of those reversible coats used in quick-change acts on the stage, black outside, check inside, and with a little altera-tion this was made to look just like a German parson's coat. A black clerical hat, and the thing was complete. Madame Beautemps and Miss Remington here started out with us in the early dawn, when we two men went out to kidnap the dear old parson, and with them they took materials for the disguising of Mrs Dayre when I brought her out.

"We watched and saw the old chaplain leave his house, and when he got to the field near the jail he was promptly held up and then left fast asleep in a barn in a field not far away from the jail itself—as I told Herr Baumeister."

"Asleep?" said Carton. "But how did you make him go to sleep? I can see the kidnapping of the old gentleman being done slick and good by a couple of strong fellows like you two, but how on earth did you put him off to bye-bye? Chloroform?"

"Good gracious, no! Much simpler than that. We first of all seized him, clapped a silk handkerchief over his mouth so that he couldn't cry out, and took him into the barn, and told him if he kept quite quiet no harm would come to him, that he would be put peacefully off to sleep for an hour or two, and then he could go his ways again. So, after having frightened the poor old fellow into a perspiration almost, we just lit a little powder under his nose and left him nice and comfy, sleeping like a just and good man."

"Powder? Powder? What powder?" put in Carton quickly.

"It's a powder that when burnt produces an instant and irresistible soporific effect, the fumes being immensely powerful. It has no smell, and it seems to have no effect on the atmosphere—I mean you cannot see its pre-sence in the air—but directly it is inhaled sleep comes at once.

"It makes me laugh now to think of the old gentleman's face when he saw us shake a little powder on to the back of a watch, light it, and then hold it under his nose! Well, as soon as he was disposed of I went off to the Governor's house and introduced myself as his substitute, saying that the old gentleman had been suddenly taken ill, and that I had come in his stead. Once inside the condemned room the rest, of course, was easy."

"I suppose I'm awake and not seeing visions, though you seem to describe it all just as if it were an everyday occurrence. But I don't quite understand how it was that neither you nor Mrs Dayre were affected by the occurrence—by the fumes, I mean—and how you managed to administer it to the Governor and those warders?"

"Oh, I spoke to her in English first; gave her the pass-word, 'Five dead men tell no tales,' so she knew that I was a friend. I told her to hold her nose—an unromantic command, wasn't it? My own nostrils were already plugged with cotton wool; that was, of course, done to prevent the fumes being inhaled, and by the time we wanted to open our mouths to get breath we were outside in the open air. As I spoke to her in the room I had my hand out behind my back, and I emptied a good strong helping of the powder into the fire. Off went the governor and his men into balmy slumber, and I should think they woke up about an hour ago."

Carton sat back in his chair and laughed silently, but with huge enjoyment.

"We always used to say in America that it took an earthquake or a tornado to make a Britisher get a hustle on him, but I guess you get as much hustle as would make ten tornadoes look about as fast as a drove of tortoises, Dick Carrick. But there's that poor little woman's husband too! I shall never forget her eyes as she looked into yours when she said goodbye. Are you going to lug him out too in that quiet, genial fashion of yours?"

"Yes, I think so, though he'll be a rather more difficult proposition. Still, I promised the little woman that I'd get him out, and get him out I will." Dick's hand clenched tightly and his lips set. "She wouldn't have gone unless I had pro-mised, and as you cannot forget her eyes, Carton, I cannot forget her words, 'You promised to send him back to me, and I know you'll keep your promise.' And, by Gad, I will. Come on now, we'd better be moving. Many thanks, Carton, for what you've done for us."

"Gee, cut it out, cut it out! Not a word, not a word! This is where Uncle Sam stands by Johnny Bull — unofficially, of course."

"That's a fine sporting way to look at it, Carton," agreed Dick. "Now then, Kellner (waiter), the bill, please."

The waiter, a grey-haired, elderly man—all the young ones apparently had been called to the front—shuffled up and placed a little piece of paper in front of Dick, who mechanically looked at the amount as he was feeling in his pocket for the money, and to his astonishment saw a few words written in pencil underneath the sum total.

"Be careful. Every word you have said has been overheard. Wait five minutes for me at the top corner of Unter den Linden."

The words came as a shock to Dick, but he crushed up the bill in his hand, paid the money, adding a tip for the waiter, at whom he winked, nodded his head imperceptibly, and when they were outside he carefully and cautiously showed the bill to Carton and Henri—the two women were walking in front.

"Not a word to the women," said Dick. "It might alarm them. But I say, Carton, that's bad for you if every word was over-heard. And how and why, and who the deuce was that waiter? It's puzzling; it's confoundedly puzzling. Look here, we'll get Madame Beautemps and Miss Remington to go home, and we'll just wait for this chap at the corner. I'll be by myself, and you two other fellows somewhere near."

"Wait a minute, Carrick; wait a minute," said Carton quickly. "How do you mean that this is bad for me? It's bad for you and the others as well. And don't forget we've got the two women to think of."

"Don't you see how it's bad for you, Car-ton? I'm thinking of what I've dragged you into. We were talking freely and openly, seated there with our backs to the wall—I took care that there was no screen or bank of flowers behind us, and I thought no one could overhear. Don't you remember that we were calling each other by our real names, and you spoke of America and the Embassy? Why, man, it might mean your ruin, and very likely make trouble with your Embassy and country. An American Em-bassy official conspiring to help British pri-soners to escape! Why, your country would receive an ultimatum before to-morrow morn-ing."

"And a thundering good job, too! Guess I wish they would!" said Carton hotly. And to then his face paled and his voice trembled a little. "Oh, I shouldn't mind for myself. I don't care, but it would hurt my old boss, the Ambassador; he would feel as if I had betrayed not my trust, but his. Gee, Car-rick, you're right; it's all over for me. I think I'd better go and shoot myself and have done with it, and then I shan't get anyone into trouble."

"Hold on; hold on!" said Dick quietly. "We're going to see this thing through. Just you stand on one side there. I can see that slop-footed waiter coming, and I've got a pretty shrewd notion who he is. You step over there, you two, will you, and ask Madame and Miss Remington to go home? Make some excuse to get them away, Henri. We don't want to frighten them."

Gaylor's Suspicions.

The old waiter appeared in his outdoor costume, and spoke to Dick.

"It's Hans," he said. "I thought maybe you'd understand from that warning I gave you. I hope you haven't been saying any-thing rash. It's all right; you can walk on with me; none of our people are following. I can see your two friends over there. Let them walk behind. It's best not to risk any-thing."

"Great goodness, Hans, you gave me a shock!" said Dick. "Rash? I should think we were talking rashly. We got excited, and we used each other's proper names, too. You know who that young fellow was who was with us? Carton, of the American Em-bassy. Well, he helped me to get that little woman out of jail, and she left Berlin this morning."

"You don't say that! Then there will cer-tainly be trouble." Hans' voice was trembling with excitement. "An American servant, a member of a neutral State, helping the enemy of Germany to escape! Oh, what a mess there'll be; what a mess there'll be!"

"Wait a minute, Hans," said Dick, his heart going a little faster, for he could see that there would indeed be trouble unless something were done and done quickly. "How was it that we were overheard, and who was it that overheard us?"

"Gaylor. You remember him?"

"Remember him? I should think I do remember him!" said Dick, with surprised anger, at the same time his brain working rapidly, wondering how this man Gaylor could have heard, and what way out there could be.

"Yes, Gaylor. He's working hand in glove with Baumeister," went on Hans. "He was close behind you all at the railway station. I know he was to be there, but I couldn't get to you in time to warn you. Yes, Gaylor was there even if you didn't see him. Oh, he's very good at shadowing, and he's not so bad at disguise either. Anyhow, his instructions were to shadow the two Americans, Mr and Mrs Hooston. 'I still have my doubts of them,' Baumeister said. 'Just follow them everywhere, and let me know of their move-ments and doings.'"

"Oh, oh, so Gaylor's out on our track, is he? Well, go on, Hans, go on!"

"Very well, he followed you from the station, saw you go into that cafe—I only came on duty just after you went in, and I would have given anything to have got you away from that corner, but I couldn't; I should have been suspected myself if I had. Don't you remember the waiter who received you, conducted you to that spot, sort of pressed you to sit there?"

"Yes," answered Dick, "but I didn't think anything of it. It seemed a nice, quiet, cosy place."

"Yes, and in that cosy little place many a Britisher has been led to speak the words which would afterwards condemn him."

"But you don't explain how our conver-sation was overheard."

"Why, by means of the detectaphone. You couldn't see it anywhere, but it was a little instrument fixed into the wall close behind you which conveyed every word upstairs on to a receiver in a room where a listener was waiting patiently. The words came through distinctly and clearly, every word was heard. And as desired the recorder can be removed from the wall, and, on the principle of the gramophone, in the presence of the victim his own words in his own voice would be reproduced."

"Gad, what a scheme, what an idea! Then every word we said was overheard! And this has been done before, Hans? You swear to it?"

Dick spoke beneath his breath excitedly, quickly, and Hans nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Upstairs in that room was Gaylor. And now, Carrick, my friend, what is to be done? I tried to warn you before it was too late, but I couldn't; I couldn't get at you. What are we to do now? As soon as Gaylor has been to Baumeister you'll be arrested, all of you, and that poor young American fellow, too."

"This wants thinking over. Just wait! Will it be safe to go into another cafe and sit down and talk?"

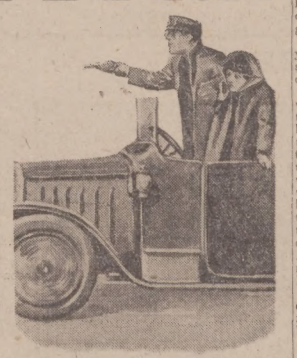
"No, no. Let's sit down here on this bench. Beckon your two friends up."

And to Carton and Henri, Dick, helped by Hans, told the story.

"That settles it," said Carton. "A quiet corner and a little gun for me."

"Dear boy," said Dick, "that little gun isn't going to be used just yet. We must find a way out. Hans, when will Gaylor report to Baumeister? And will it be by writing or verbally? Or by telephone perhaps?"

"No, not by writing or by telephone," an-swered Hans, "for Baumeister has motored thirty miles out of Berlin and won't be back till six this evening, when he goes straight to his flat. He has to report at that hour every night at the Emperor's Palace."



"Well, if that is so the case is simple," said Dick. "All we've got to do is to kill Gaylor before then. Would he be likely to tell anybody else before Baumeister re-turned?"

"No, for no spy trusts another," was Hans' answer. "All reports are made only to Bau-meister personally."

"Well then, we kill Gaylor, as Carrick—I beg his pardon!—as Hooston says," said Car-ton. "I'll never say Carrick again, I swear I won't."

"I don't think so after all," said Dick thoughtfully. "You see, he's old Mr Remington's partner, and there might be business interests involved. Let me think, let me think! Yes, I believe I've got it. Let me see, Hans, you would know—is there another train leaving Berlin this afternoon, a train that would start people for Britain, and would there be any English people going by it?"

"A few are managing to get away," an-swered Hans. "But why?"

"Never mind why just at present. Where would Gaylor be in about an hour's time, d'you think? Let me see, what's the time now? It's just after eleven. A train would leave Berlin—when, Hans?"

"At half-past two. And Gaylor will most likely be downstairs in the restaurant where you were in about an hour's time, for he always has his Mittag Essen (midday meal) there."

"Very well then, we've nothing to worry about. We'll look into the restaurant again, Hans, when you're on duty. When will that be? From three o'clock till closing time? My word, they give you pretty long hours! You're spying as usual, I suppose? All right, we'll come in some time during the afternoon. Oh, it's all right, old fellow, don't you look worried. This would have been our funeral, not yours, but just at pre-sent there are not going to be any obsequies at all. Now come along, boys, we'll get back to the hotel. You'd better pop off to the Embassy again, Carton."

"The Countess Von High Brows."

A few minutes before half-past two Gaylor was standing on the platform of the railway station listening attentively to Baumeister.

"You're not to come back to Berlin under any pretence whatever. You will find no reports from England until you hear from me. And, above all, the strictest secrecy as to your duty. Your last work in connec-tion with the Hoostons was good. They are all arrested; they will all be dealt with. Their passports, your papers are all in order now," Baumeister smiled. "Well, it is time now for me to say Goodbye. And, above all, secrecy and the most complete silence. You're not to write to me, you're not to write to anyone here in Germany. I have my reasons for this. Perhaps soon I shall have news for you, but silence like the grave. You will see me again in person, when you know my reasons. Goodbye."

Gaylor got into the train, and with a hand from the carriage as the engine started Baumeister waved back, and then walked quietly out of the station and went straight back to a bedroom in a certain hotel, where after carefully locking the door, he changed his clothes, removed a wig, washed his face, and instead of a rather plump, middle-aged German revealed himself as a lean and hungry American journalist of the supposed name of Hooston.

The wig and clothes were carefully packed away, and then unlooking the door and looking cautiously round, Dick Carrick de-scended to the drawing-room of the hotel by another staircase, and there found Hans waiting for him Ellice and Monsieur and Madame Beautemps.

"You're just a wonder with those wigs, Henri," said Dick quietly. "I thought that Hans Gaylor would notice that I was a little taller than the real Baumeister, but I man-aged to stoop just enough to cancel that out. Here's Carton! Poor lad, won't he be re-lieved! What a plucky boy that is!"

"Well, what's happened? I've got my little gun in my pocket," said Carton with a smile, as he came up to the group. "But gee, I believe you'd move mountains with a touch of your little finger if it were neces-sary, Dick."

"It's quite all right," said Dick, calmly. "While Gaylor was having his lunch I sent him a message signed Baumeister, telling him to meet me at the station at half-past two, or a little before. The writing? Oh, it didn't matter whether it was like Baumeister's or not. It was just a scribble as if written in a motor car going at a good pace. And just before half-past two, thanks to our friend here," Dick pointed to Henri Beau-temps, "Herr Baumeister met Friend Gaylor and bunkered him off to England again. But he'll never come back here again, and I shouldn't be surprised if he were never heard of again till the war is over."

Dick repeated the words he had said to Gaylor at the station, and several people looked up and wondered what the joke was that was so heartily amusing that merry little party near the fireplace.

"Once more then we've spoofed the giddy Baumeister," said Dick. "This time I shan't send him a letter; I shall leave him to won-der what has become of Gaylor. And Hans has destroyed that particular detectophone re-cord, so that our conversation can never be repeated. But we shall have to be more careful in future. And now, what about poor Edward Dayre?"

"Forgive me," said a plump, fair-haired woman, unmistakably German, coming up and speaking to Dick in fairly good English, "you are American, are you not? You are Mr John Hooston, the journalist? Yes, I heard you speaking in the lounge, and I knew you were American. Our friend then, of course. Oh, nothing here in Berlin is too good for an American!"

"Thank you, that's more than good of you," said Dick. "I am an American, and so is my friend here, and so is my mother, of course. My other two friends are Dutch."

"All friends together, then! for, of course, we Germans love Americans, and the Dutch, they are so sympathetic, so refined so full of kultur. Oh, you must forgive my speaking to you, Mr Hooston, but as a journalist I thought perhaps it might interest you to know that all English people who are detained here will be well treated. Those British papers will be sure to say that we are treating them badly, but we are not brutes, not pigs. Ah! they are liars, those English! You will say that, will you now, Mr Hooston? I know we can trust you charming American journalists. And I am always at home to you and your mother and any friends of yours. May I? My card!"

She was really a very pretty woman, charmingly dressed and with charming man-ners. She extracted a card from her hand-bag and handed it to Dick.

"Delighted, I'm sure, delighted," said Dick, bowing gracefully.

The lady bowed in return and then disap-peared.

"A bit fussy, a bit anxious to make a good impression, wasn't she?" said Dick. "The Grafin von Haubritz," he went on, reading from the card. "Who is she?"

"Oh, the Countess von Haubritz! D'you know what we call her at the Embassy? No, of course, you don't. The Countess von High Brows, because she's so awfully toney. Her husband is a frightful swell—pal of the Kaiser's and all that sort of thing. Her en-tertainments are just simply IT. You ought to cultivate her, Hooston—got it that time. Oh, they're as cunning as they make 'em here, women as well as men; they're all what you English call 'sucking up' to us Ameri-cans."

"Oh, then, we'll cultivate the Countess von High Brows, I think," said Dick. "But now I'm off to see the interned Bri-tishers at exercise."

Dick Meets the Kaiser.

On arriving at the place where the British men of fighting age were interned, Dick in-troduced himself to the sentry by means of the Grafin Haubritz's card and a substantial tip.

"An introduction from the Grafin von Haubritz," said Dick. "And a little introduc-tion from myself too."

The Countess' card it was that evidently did it, for the sentry almost saluted it as he saw the high-born name, while the twenty mark piece concluded the softening of his sternness, and in a couple of minutes Dick was talking to Edward Dayre. Rapidly Dick told him who he really was and as evi-dence of his bona fides, passed to Dayre a scrap of paper on which Dick had got Mrs Dayre to write—"Trust the bearer of this."

She sent her love, too, of course," went on Dick, smiling, "and she's quite safe, for she's hours on her way towards England now. Now you trust me, old chap, and I'll get you out of here somehow. And remem-ber the password is 'Five dead men tell no tales.'"

"You'll never get me out," said Dayre, dis-tinctly. "It's impossible. We're locked in an absolutely impregnable place at night, and I'm sure you can't get me out dur-ing the day. But God bless you for what you've done for my wife. And they were going to shoot her, were they? The swine! Good, sir, I'll get even with them all these days! God bless you. I shall never forget you, but you'll never get me out of here."

"Oh, that's a long time! Oh, I don't know, what's the matter? Here, let go my arm, confound you!"

Dick suddenly felt himself seized in a tre-mendous grip on the right arm, and turning round he saw it was the sentry who had admitted him.

"Quick, quick, out of here, quick! Mein Gott, if any official had seen you! It is my duty to shoot anybody who tries to come in order to talk to the prisoners. Mein Gott, get over the railing or I shall shoot! You see the officer coming! He is coming! Quick, quick!"

"What on earth are you exciting yourself so about?" said Dick, diving under the rail-ing, which separated the sight-seers from the British prisoners. "What's all this fuss?"

But he turned to Henri who, with the others, had been waiting for him.

"It's all this bustle and movement I've asked. "That fuss over there, I mean."

"The Kaiser! The Kaiser! The Kaiser!" The word was now running along the line.

"The Kaiser!"

Surely enough advancing along by the line came the thick, stocky figure of the Kaiser, not so tall as he is made to look in photographs, but there was no mistaking him, for there were the up-turned mous-taches, there was the perennial smile, as if the world must tremble before him. He was accompanied by a crowd of satellites, and in front of them Dick heard a woman say—

"The Kaiser! Oh, isn't it sweet of him! He's come to see that these pigs of English are comfortable, that they are well looked after. Isn't it like him!"

More likely to gloat over them!" whis-pered Dick to Ellice, who had had her way and insisted on coming. "But I just want to speak to his nibs, the Kaiser. Wait here a moment."

And to his friends' surprise, to everyone's surprise—in fact, to the horror of the Ger-mans—they saw a tall, rather slouching, sallow-faced American dodge his way in amongst the crowd of attendants right to the front of the Kaiser, and those nearest heard him say as he took off his soft Homburg hat—"Sir, I guess you don't remember me, but we've met before."

A gasp of horror went up from those who were near. These Americans! Was there no stopping them? This was almost sacrilege. Here was this impertinent fellow actually offering his hand to the Most Supreme Em-peror! What was to be done with this saucy fellow? He must be removed at once!

And several were about to rush forward and seize Dick when the Kaiser held up his hand!

What will the Kaiser say to Dick Carrick? What does Dick hope to gain by this bold action? On no account should you miss reading next week's splendid instalment.

GERMAN ATTACK ON ARMOURED MOTOR CAR.

WHITE-WASHING THE CROWN PRINCE.

Madcap Exploits of Imperial Fire-Brand.

Now Meekly Posing As Lover Of Peace.

This remarkable article has been specially contributed to "The Post Sunday Special" by a gentleman who has had frequent opportunities of studying the character of the Crown Prince. The writer who is well-known in commercial circles on the Continent, returned to this country from Berlin at the outbreak of the war.

THE attempt to influence American opinion by the interview which a German, representing an American paper, has had with the Crown Prince of Germany has totally failed of its object.

In this interview the writer endeavoured to prove that the Crown Prince had been much maligned, and that he was not the fire-eater that the majority of people imagined.

The whitewashing has been ridiculously overdone. Consequently no one has been deceived. Frederick William's past is, un-fortunately for him, too well known, and his lamb-like utterances of to-day suggest the tag regarding the attitude of the devil when sick.

The Crown Prince is horrified at the sug gestion that the British people think him capable of stealing or of permitting his soldiers to loot French homes. But this is not sufficient denial of his exploits in the Chateau Boye, while the gross depredations of his soldiers are matters of history—not of gossip or rumour merely.

"As to being a war agitator, I am truly sorry that people do not know me better!" This is a precious pearl to drop from the lips of the man who hitherto has been fore-most in singing the song of the sword.

Does Frederick William, Crown Prince of the modern Huns, imagine that the people of America and other neutral countries are fools and blind? At any rate, they recol-lect, if he does not, that only a year ago he contributed a remarkable preface to a book called "Germany in Arms" (now well known to British readers), in which he glorified war in the typical spirit of the German jingo militarist.

We Shall Conquer the World.

Here are some of his "anti-warlike" views:—

"Badly protected through its unfavourable geographic position, not regarded with affec-tion by all nations, the German Empire, more than all others, has the duty of maintaining in a state of the greatest preparedness its army and navy. Only thus, supported by our good sword, can we attain the place in the sun which is our desert, but which is not will-ingly accorded us.

"We are living in a period . . . which only too readily vaunts its international citizen-ship and indulges itself in fervent dreams of the possibility of a lasting peace. This conception is un-German, and does not become us. The German who loves his folk must not let him-self be lulled into a slothful sleep by this lullaby of the Utopians.

"Diplomacy, of course, can and should post-pone conflicts for a time, and occasion-ally prevent them. . . . But, even as lightning equalises the loads of two unequally charged layers of atmosphere, so the sword will remain in the last analysis the decisive factor until the end of the world.

"If, then, the whole German people are de-termined gladly to offer their possessions and their life, the world may be full of devils, armed and arrayed against us, and we shall conquer them."

The Gospel of "Peace."

This was the "peaceful" gospel preached by the Crown Prince and his fellow-Junkers. It has resulted in Germany plunging Europe into the most ghastly war known in history; and because it will end in the overthrow of Prussian militarism, which Frederick William declares does not exist, the Kaiser's eldest son is reduced to the expedient of ap-pealing to the world to be let down lightly when the hour of destiny strikes.

The Crown Prince denounces the war as the most stupid, senseless, and unnecessary of modern times. This is hitting his Imperial parent rather hard, but, in the light of events, was not the Crown Prince himself responsible for this crime against humanity? The remarkable statement of the French Am-bassador as to the change in the Kaiser's at-titude towards peace emphasises this view. The Kaiser, M. Cambon declares, "possibly feels some jealousy of the popularity of his son, who flatters the passions of Pan-Germans, and does not find the position of the Empire in the world commensurate with his power."

Envious of a madcap, the Kaiser has plunged his Empire into ruins. The Crown Prince has been a thorn in his flesh for years. What exactly does he think of him now, I wonder?

Ever since he attained his majority the Crown Prince has been in violent opposition to his father. He showed his hand in regard to our country three years ago during the Morocco crisis, when he vociferously ap-plauded a violent anti-British speech in the Reichstag. That was the real foundation of his great popularity with the masses of the German people, and proves how intensely the British Empire is hated in Germany.

A Hair-Brained Performance.

His most hair-brained performance, how-ever, was the leading of a squadron of Hussars at the charge up the great terraced steps of the Palace at Potsdam. The amaz-ing feat was brilliantly executed, but the originator was promptly placed under arrest. It was not the first time that his august father, acting in the capacity of superior officer, had had him arrested, and on these occasions when he considered himself unjustly treated the Crown Prince resorted to a re-markable expedient of getting his own back. He would make a diligent search of Socialistic papers for scathing references adverse to his father, snip them out, and forward them to Potsdam with his compliments.

No one knows better what a madcap the Prince can be than those sportsmen who three years ago accompanied him in a shooting expedition in Ceylon. Big game is no respector of Royalty, and what the Prince thought was rare fun was once or twice nearly ending in tragedy.

At the beginning of this year Frederick William was practically stripped of all military authority in consequence of his telegraph-ing his congratulations to Colonel Von. Reuter over the famous Zabern incident. The feud be-tween the Kaiser and his son was then at its height. The War Lord did not invite the Crown Prince to his New Year dinner to the commanding generals, although he had to appear after dinner to listen to a two-and-a-half-hours' disquisition by his parent on military manœu-vres.

Another cause of the antagonism of father and son was the record of the Crown Prince as a soldier. He was privately—for no one would breathe their belief to the Kaiser—be-lieved to be much the better general. His record on the field so far, however, has been rather an inglorious one. Certainly his career does not suggest that he is possessed of the necessary qualities that go to the making of the ideal commander.

Kaiser Never Trusted His Son.

This lack of affection and sympathy be-tween the Kaiser and his son is evidenced by other incidents. The Emperor appointed him to the command of one of the famous Prussian regiments. The Crown Prince took up his command, and immediately gave notice of his intention to treat himself to prolonged leave, which was tantamount to withdrawal from the post with which his Royal sire had endowed him. Here is another strange thing. The Crown Prince is nomi-nally the second man in the German Empire, but the Kaiser has never on any occasion deputed his son to take his place in absence through illness or other cause. It was Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, who deputised for the Monarch.

Perhaps the Kaiser's rigorous treatment of the madcap Prince contributed to give him that popularity which his father so much envied. One thing that can be said in Frederick William's favour is that he was more democratic and more accessible to the people than his father.

If the Kaiser has been led into this war in the manner suggested by the French Am-bassador, then it is clear that we are only engaged a little sooner in what would have proved an inevitable conflict, for had the Kaiser preserved the peace of the world during his reign it does not require the seer's vision to prophesy that his son, despite all his protestations to-day, would have taken the plunge for "world power or downfall." Probably the Kaiser recognised this, and preferred to have his name writ large in the annals of history rather than the name of the son who roused his jealousy and proved so frequently his thorn in the flesh!

THE REAL SURPRISE OF THE WAR.

Not Zeppelin or Submarine, but The Motor Car.

Amazing Achievements Of Our Land Dreadnoughts.

An expert motorist writes from the front to give readers of "The Post Sunday Special" some idea of the marvellous use to which the motor car has been put in this terrible but scientific warfare.

THE war has provided many novel de-velopments and surprises.

Battles last for months in contrast with the short, incisive encounters of the Napoleonic period. Great ships sink before the deadly weapons of the wasps of the sea; airships rain destruction from the clouds; the battle fronts of armies extend hundreds of miles; a General directs his operations by telephone; and the motor car has become the most important and most essential vehicle for practical purposes of warfare.

The motor car has not been so much in the public eye as the airship and the sub-marine. These novelties in warfare are much more spectacular, though they have amply justified their use. But the motor car has been the real surprise of the war.

What has the motor car achieved? To begin with, it has proved itself indis-pensable. As a factor in offensive work on the field it is unequalled. By means of swift motor cars great bodies of troops are transported from place to place, strengthen-ing the weak points in the long line, re-inforcing troops that are being hard pressed. Then the armoured cars, proof against rifle fire, have done invaluable work in reconnaissance. Thousands of lives have been saved by these cars dashing into the hottest part of the battle and rescuing the wounded. Armies have been fed regu-larly through quickness of transport, and the rapidity with which modern armies move—an example of which we have in the German retreat over the Marne—is due to motor power.

The Thundering Assaults of Armoured Cars.

We have actually in these wonderful days had charges by armoured motor cars. Lines of them, bristling mitrailleuses, machine guns, and small arms, have plunged over un-even ground in blundering, thundering as-saults on infantry. Sometimes they have gone down, rearing and bucking like wounded monsters, before the shell of de-fence batteries. Again they have plunged with fearful havoc through tight lines of in-fantry, and still again their drivers have been shot and they have wrecked themselves against breastworks, trees, and walls, in which position their occupants died fighting behind the armour.

France, Belgium, Germany are littered with the wrecks of motor cars. There is no time to make repairs. A wounded truck is like a wounded man at the height of battle. He goes down and is forgotten. There is little time to aid him then. He is useless for the occasion. Millions of pounds lie buried in the ruins of automobiles that writhe and heap in drunken confusion and depressing desolation along the line to every battlefield. In many places there are opportunities to get motor cars for the taking. Some of those that are abandoned could easily be made as good as new in a machine shop within a few hours.

France has now in military use 70,000 motors, and she is buying more all over the world. Germany's supply is unknown, but it must equal that of France at the very least. We ourselves are calculated to

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1914.

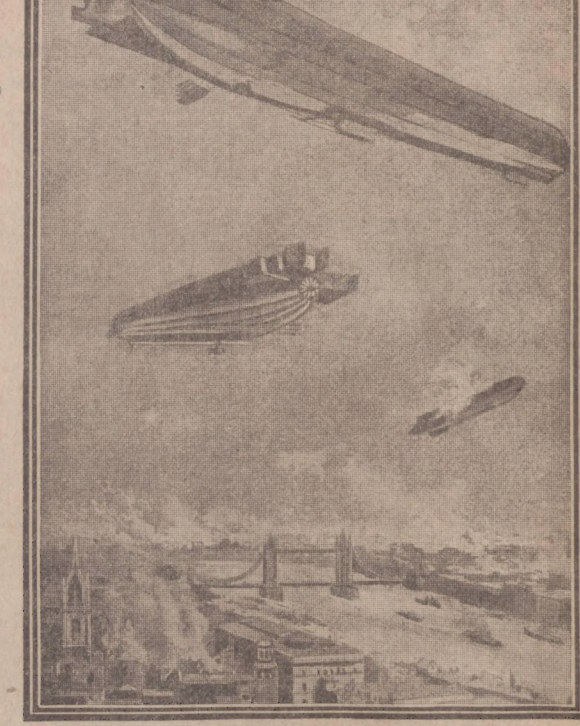
MISSED!

A French motor cyclist is seen being shot at while carrying despatches to head quarters. The Germans are very bad shots, and the gallant cyclist has been able to carry out his important mission. The motor cyclist has proved of immense value in this war, and there is no lack of volunteers for this dangerous work. They never think of the danger involved, and one wounded cyclist described it "fine sport."

A WELL-EARNED REFRESHER.

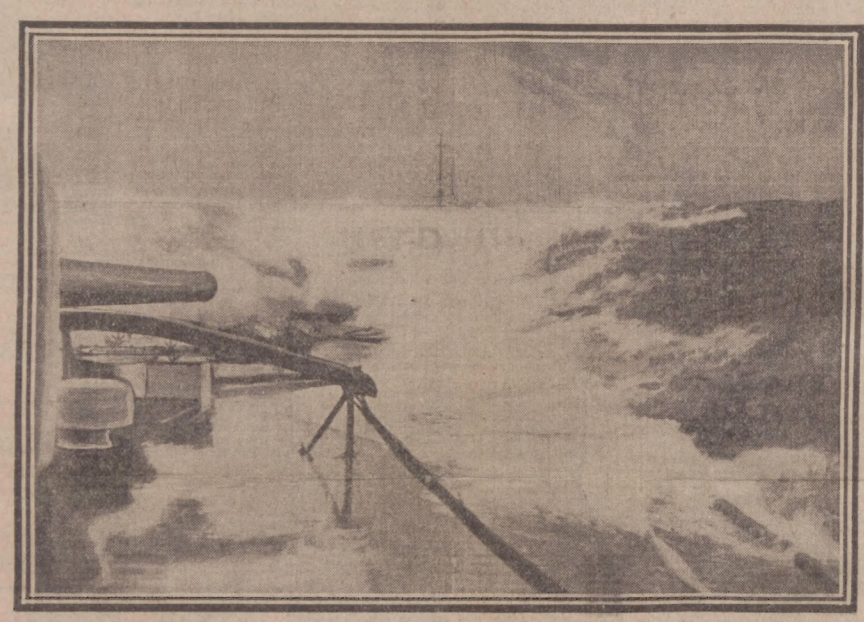
When the Scottish troops have spent the night in the trenches their first thought in the morning is to scrub their knees. Our Tommies have always been complimented for their smart appearance during the war. They make sure everything is up to the high-water mark, despite the proximity of "Jack Johnsons."

IT WILL NEVER BE!



A picture taken from a German paper gives the German artist's idea of how London is to suffer the same fate as Louvain, Termonde, Malines, Antwerp, and Ypres. Of course, the Germans do not take into account the British naval and military airmen who are doing such meritorious and destructive work upon the German Zeppelin stations, and are waiting eagerly for the raid by the Zeppelins, of which we have heard so much.

A HEAVY SEA.



A view of the First Light Cruiser Squadron patrolling the North Sea in a November gale. For four months our fleet has been waiting for the German fleet to "come out," but they have experienced what it is to be in action against us, and prefer to shelter in the Kiel Canal. Traces of the action off Heligoland in August can be seen on the deck of the cruiser.

FIRST INDIAN V.C.

Havildar Gagna Singh, 57th Wilde's Rifles, is the first Indian soldier to be recommended for the V.C. The havildar, with fifteen men, was attacked by a company of Germans. He shot the German officer, and killed ten men with the officer's sword. He was the sole survivor of his party, and was left for dead. He received five bullet wounds during the desperate fight.

HELD UP!

An officer examining identity papers near to the firing line of the correspondents who are permitted to visit the front.

ARE YOU THERE?

War telephones are an essential part of the present war, and great attention has to be paid to the underground cables, the cutting of which means great inconvenience. German soldiers are seen testing the underground cables in Flanders.

SAMOANS WELCOME BRITISH RULE.

The younger man is Mulinuu, one of the leading chiefs, and the older man is his father, Faumuina. The lady in the centre is Princess Faaino, daughter of the late Malietoa, King of Samoa, and the wife of Mulinuu. The Samoans are splendid types of men, handsome, intelligent, and of most kindly disposition. They have long had a warm regard for the British and no love for the Germans.

THE GERMAN IDEA.

The German view of how their marines take the opportunity while having a day's rest from the trenches of mingling with the Belgians on the Belgium-Holland frontier. We have proof, however, that their treatment of the brave Belgians is entirely different. The Belgians have even to beg for food in the towns in which the Germans are garrisoned. The picture is by Felix Schwormstadt, and is published in the Illustrirten Zeitung.

FOR KING AND EMPIRE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Meredith and Major Vernon, officer commanding and second in command of the New South Wales Light Horse Regiment for the Expeditionary Force. The Australian and New Zealand contingent have disembarked in Egypt to assist in the defence of that country and to complete their training prior to going to France. Forty transports were required to convey the troops, and scenes of the utmost enthusiasm marked their departure.

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LATE WA NEW

NO. 487.

LATEST F LONDO

THE DURATION WAR.

KING ANXIOUS THE FLEE

ARBROATH MAN IN FAR EA

London, Satu
When will the war be ov
body is asking.
It is easy to be a prophet
and, although I have not
front yet, I am going to risk
the Huns are in for the ti
much sooner than most peop
The Germans in the trench
states of funk, and there is n
that they have not got suffi
for their requirements. T
they are feeling, I will tell
story, which is vouched for
has just returned from the
His particular undergroun
only some 200 yards away f
trenches. Merely as a prote
some others went out at nigh
of barbed wire entanglement
They were unable to finis
night owing to lack of mate
along in due course, and at d
sallied forth to complete th
Judge of their surprise wh
some person or persons un
there before them and finish
the most approved manner
Engineers examined the cr
fully, and then the stillness
roar of derisive laughter.
gineers had been sent to fin
ments in case the men who
should change their minds an
their trenches. The story ha
in it than many of the offici
the front.

Cleanliness After G

From those who have rec
I learn that the soldiers t
opinion that the Germans a
lorn hope. They are all v
hopeful of seeing an early
at the same time all are wi
length of time and finish the
They are in splendid condit
got a fine system of trench re
and hot baths.
This reminds me that the
have altered the old maxim
after godliness. Tommy A
his bath, but the Germans,
trenches, have started on t
the towns where the fighting
This fact was told to King
was out at the front, and I a
heartily at the news.

Our Sailor Ki

The next most important
is whether King George is
visit to Admiral Jellicoe and
North Sea. His Majesty is
on board the flagship as he
to visit the trenches, and the
the way is that some of
determined that no further
taken by the Sovereign.
King George is essentially
His heart is on the sea, an
give him more pleasure tha
men who man his ships. H
Like most sailors, a knack of
way in most matters, and
news were to be wired to
that our hero King was ple
through the white billows th
our coast there would be on
tough little island who woul
say, "I told you so."

A Dodge to Join the

The determination of the a
to get into the Army in sp
has led to many ingenious d
vented. One or two would-b
over the eyesight difficulty,
test off by heart, and quite
will never see the sunny sid
have taken as great liberties
as an elderly spinster in the
The palm for pluck and
ever, is awarded to a frien
ployed where very importa
work is being done, and wh
ful as he would be in Fran
opportunity when the census
his house, put himself down
height, willing to enlist, and
seen walking the streets bec
tors would not consent to lib
recruiting committee chuckle
they knew the cure, sent
Directors, who "carpetted"
ployee, found out he was
crack, and promised to do the
him to do his duty at the fro

If the Bullet Had Hit

The death in an out-of-the-
globe of a man whose act
degree have been responsib
the world into war has escape
London papers, which would
of the story had they known
Colombo Gazette, which is
write, contains a paragraph h
the Governor of Ceylon, regr
ing away, shortly after the ou
ties, of Mr John Kane Murty,
agent at Batticaloe.
A big game hunter of rep
was chosen some three years
pany the Crown Prince of Ger
Malee, and the two were lo
the jungle during the stalk.
phant charged the hunters. T
lost his head, and a Royal
have thrilled the world but fo
and unerring aim of the crac
been sent to see that nothing
to the future heir of Germany
of Fate are strange and myst
those who do not believe
Prince was directly responsib
will ask themselves whether
would have been possible had
hunter failed.
Mr Murty, whom I had
knowing many years ago, was
East Coast of Scotland, and
the Arbroath High School.

Not Contempt of C

An unreported incident of
is sharing with the visit of Ma
the honour of being the chief
sation at the Law Courts.
possession in which the humbles
by the highest in the land, an
of fight which animates the a
in khaki.
Home from the front, a b
wearing the South African ribb
the Appeal Court to while awa
sat down to listen to a young b
a dry-as-dust case against five
Judges. The legal aspect
bars did not interest the sold
ready to go, but the odds of fiv
struck him as a plucky busines